

THE FRANKFORT (KY.) ASSASSINATION ILLUSTRATED.  
A SUPERB PANORAMA OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN BATTLE-FIELDS—DOUBLE-PAGE  
AN ENGLISH OFFICER'S GRAPHIC STORY OF A BLOODY BATTLE WITH THE BOERS.

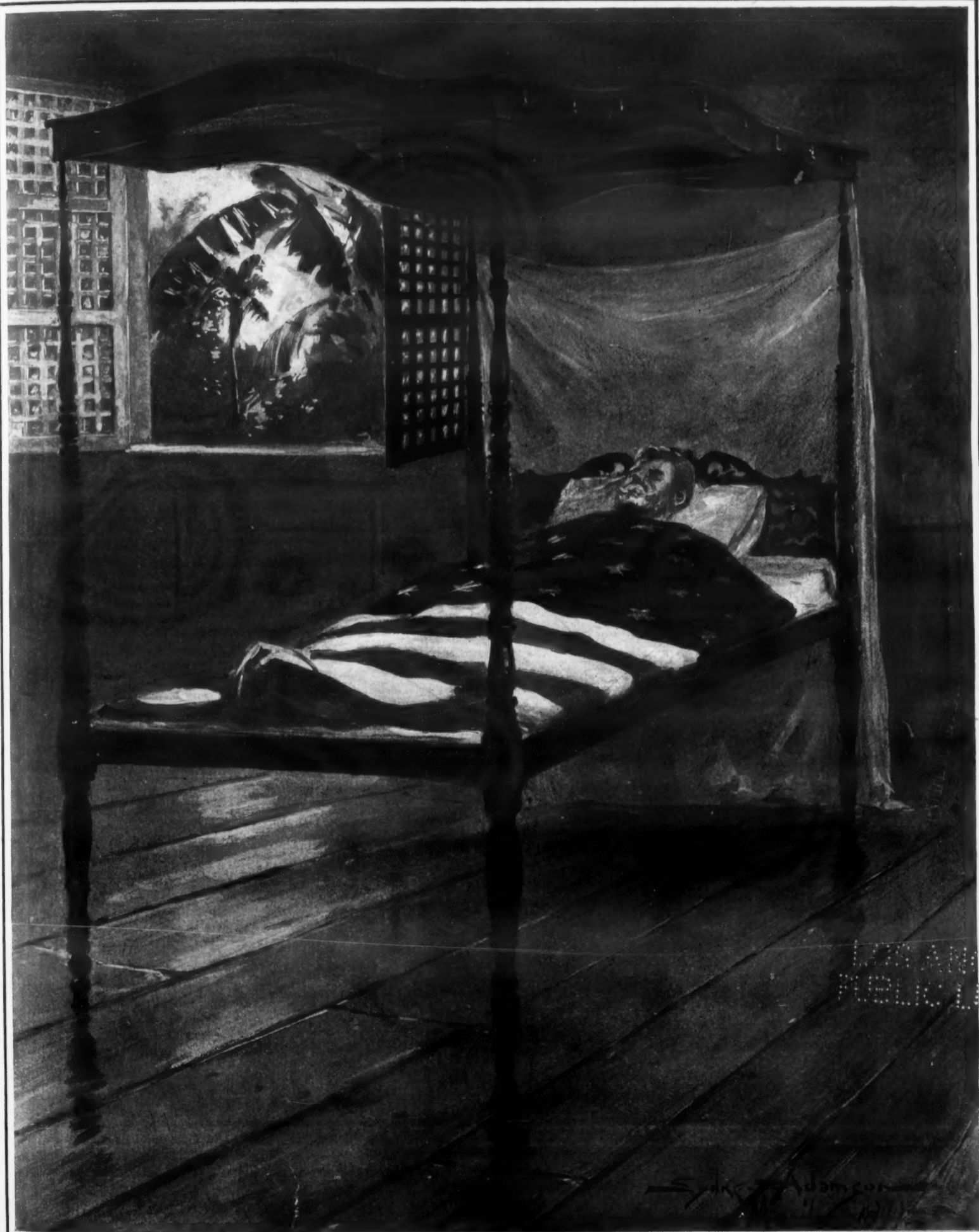
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1900.

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THE REMAINS OF BRAVE GENERAL LAWTON LYING IN STATE.

FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE LATE RESIDENCE OF THE GENERAL, AT No. 4 CONCEPCION, MANILA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## A Troublesome Place.

SECRETARY GAGE, who has been attacked by a few newspapers and members of Congress on account of letters written to him, explanations which he has made, and certain acts relating to his management of the affairs of his department, is far from being the first of the heads of the Treasury who have been thus assailed. Alexander Hamilton, the earliest and greatest of all the Treasury chiefs, was charged by Madison with speculation in government stocks, and by Jefferson and others with general corruption and crookedness. In fact, if he were half as vile as his enemies said, his proper place was in a penitentiary instead of being in control of the government's financial affairs. Nobody now, though, believes any of those accusations.

When President Jackson, in 1833, was in the midst of his war on the United States Bank he requested Secretary of the Treasury Louis McLane to remove the government funds from that institution. As Congress had just previously, by large majorities, passed resolutions declaring that the funds were perfectly safe in that depository, where the law placed them, McLane declined to comply, and then Jackson, who liked the Secretary, transferred him to the head of the State Department, a post just then vacant. McLane's successor in the Treasury, William J. Duane, utterly refused to remove the deposits, and was himself removed by Jackson, the excitement throughout the country on account of these troubles in the Treasury being much greater than it is in the Gage case.

Roger B. Taney, who was afterward made chief justice by Jackson, was put in Duane's place, and he obeyed the President's command and removed the deposits. Just previous to that time, at the early part of Jackson's service, Samuel D. Ingham, Secretary of the Treasury, was one of the members of the Cabinet who was constrained by Jackson to resign, in the "Peggy O'Neill War," because his wife, like the wives of the rest of the Cabinet officers, refused to "recognize" that lady. A few years afterward, in the first year of Tyler's Presidency, Thomas Ewing, the head of the Treasury, with all the other Cabinet officers except Secretary of State Webster, resigned because they declared Tyler had proved false to them and to the party which elected him, by his vetoes of the two bills to create a United States Bank to succeed the one Jackson killed five years earlier. These resignations startled the country as much as those of Senators Conkling and Platt did in 1881, and, like the act of the New-Yorkers, split their party (the Whig) for the time, and rendered its defeat in the ensuing Congressional and Presidential elections certain.

Salmon P. Chase, the great finance minister of the Civil War era, was accused—unjustly, of course—of giving "tips" to his friends to allow them to make money in speculating in government stocks. His successor, William Pitt Fessenden, was so much hampered and badgered by Congress that he stepped down after a short time, and Hugh McCulloch, who succeeded him, and who was one of the most accomplished heads which the Treasury ever had, was assailed by Senator "Zach" Chandler as not having sense enough to be a clerk in a country store. Benjamin H. Brewster's attacks on the whiskey ring, in 1875, which had defrauded the Treasury out of hundreds of thousands of dollars in revenue, was bitterly denounced in certain quarters.

John Sherman, for his deposits of government money in national banks when he was at the head of the Treasury, during the Hayes administration, was more vindictively hunted by a portion of the press and politicians than the present official has been; while the troubles of one sort and another which beset Charles J. Folger, President Arthur's Treasury chief, particularly the defection in his party in 1882, when he was a candidate for Governor of New York, by which Grover Cleveland was elected to that office by that till then unexampled 193,000 plurality, led to his death in office. Daniel Manning, Charles J. Fairchild, William Windom, Charles Foster, and John G. Carlisle were, during their careers at the head of the Treasury, forced to feel the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

The experience of Mr. Gage and of half a score of his predecessors shows that in no country under the sun is there an official whose duties are more exacting, and who, whether right or wrong, competent or incompetent, is more exposed to the misrepresentation of the thoughtless and the calumny of the ignorant, than the finance minister in the government of the United States.

## A Timely Suggestion.

ELSEWHERE in this number Mr. H. Irving Hancock, whose series of letters from Manila printed in LESLIE'S WEEKLY last year, while he was one of the special correspondents in the Philippines, attracted general attention, points out the first great need involved in a proper administration of Philippine affairs. It is his opinion that, even before we try to legislate a form of government for our new brown subjects, we should send expert philologists to the Philippines to thoroughly investigate the leading dialects spoken there, and to engage competent native teachers the same to be employed in a government institute in this country. To this institute all candidates for government positions in the islands should be sent, made to study the Philippine languages, and to pass satisfactory examinations in them before being regularly appointed to places on the colonial civil-service list.

It is pointed out that we cannot hope to make the native understand what we mean to do for him until we are able to talk to him in his own tongue. Of course it is to be hoped that, in time, all the natives will learn to speak English, but all the vexatious problems of reconstruction must be solved before that time. Mr. Hancock, who last spring and summer wrote much for these columns that threw new light on our Oriental problems, is competent to give the advice which he has offered. We recommend his views, which must be those of every intelligent student of Philippine affairs who was on the ground, to the early attention of Congress.

## Of Interest to "Leslie's" Readers.

WE have arranged for the public discussion, through these columns, of the most important questions of the day, and especially of those affecting the interests of American homes and of our industrial and national life. These articles, contributed by some of the most eminent writers of our time, and secured regardless of expense, are but the beginning of a series which will delight and instruct the large and growing clientele of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. Among the first of the contributed articles which we shall print are the following:

- "Ought the United States to Desire Boer Success?" by Alleyne Ireland, the well-known English writer, and author of "Tropical Colonization," "The Anglo-Boer Conflict," and other books of note.
- "The Monroe Doctrine and Our Navy," by Captain A. T. Mahan, who ranks among the highest naval authorities in the world.
- "The Hill of Wan Siang," a plea for an open door in China, by the Hon. Frederick W. Seward, son of the eminent American Secretary of State, the late William H. Seward.
- "Shall We Become a Maritime Power?" a question of absorbing interest, by the Hon. Eugene T. Chamberlain, United States Commissioner of Navigation.
- "The New Century's Controlling Influences," by Dr. Charles F. Thwing, the eloquent and erudite president of the Western Reserve University, of Cleveland.
- "The New Century's Manly Woman," by Miss Susan B. Anthony, the celebration of whose eightieth birthday by the women of the United States is shortly to be held.

Our readers will be delighted to know that the war in the Philippines will continue to be pictorially reported by one of the best of our staff of artists, Mr. Sydney Adamson, whose admirable drawings have attracted general attention, and by Mr. C. Fred Ackerman, a photographic artist and correspondent of recognized standing. Mr. Gordon H. Grant, who represents LESLIE'S WEEKLY on the scene of the South African war, and one of whose best drawings appears in this issue, will remain at the front throughout the contest, and his striking work will be supplemented by photographs regularly sent us from correspondents both with the Boer and British forces. LESLIE'S WEEKLY has never been more popular and prosperous than it is at present, and our readers can depend upon it that neither labor nor money will be spared to maintain its supremacy as the great American family illustrated journal.

## Meddlesome Mason.

A MEDDLESOME disposition is a bad thing for a public man to have. Senator Mason, one of Illinois's picturesque representatives in Congress, recently, on the floor of the Senate, resented a newspaper statement attributed to the British consul at New Orleans, characterizing Mr. Mason as a mountebank. The Senator then proceeded to denounce the "arrogance, cowardice, and brutality of the English government."

This gave a fine opportunity for that venerable American patriot, Senator Hoar, to express his regret that an attack had been made publicly on the government of a friendly nation. The Massachusetts Senator said that, even admitting sympathy for the Boer republic, the Senate, as a part of the diplomatic power of the United States, should refrain from interference in the affairs of a friendly nation. He called attention to the unquestioned fact that the feeling and relations of the people of the United States toward England come from a good many other sources than the mere conduct of a political party at the head of her government at some particular time in her history.

Senator Hoar reminded the Illinois Senator that we are of the same blood as the English, they are our kith and kin, and, he added, "whatever a few men may say in the English government or a few men may say in the Senate of the United States, the feeling of the American people toward the people of England and the feeling of the English people toward the people of America is at this day a feeling of cordial good-will and attachment."

This was a stinging rebuke to the meddlesome Senator from Illinois, who, if he would do what he is paid to do, and restrain his tendency to interfere with matters outside of the functions of the Senate, would not lay himself open to criticism by the British consul at New Orleans, or by any one else. Mr. Mason should remember that he was not sent to the Senate and paid by the people of his country to dictate England's South African

policy. This country does not seek trouble with England or any other nation. It is minding its own business, and in that respect setting a good example to Senator Mason.

## The Plain Truth.

THE appalling loss of the British during the brief course of the war in South Africa will be comprehended better by comparing it with the loss the United States has sustained thus far during its extended period of warfare in the Philippines. The total British casualties thus far aggregate very nearly 10,000, including about 2,500 killed, nearly 5,000 wounded, and the remainder prisoners. Since August 6th, 1898, the total losses of our troops in the Philippines aggregate only about one-third of the British losses, or, to be more nearly exact, 3,368. Of these only 601 were killed or died of wounds or accidents, while 86 died of disease, 1,919 were wounded, and less than fifty were taken prisoners. While the British are only at the beginning of their stupendous task in South Africa, it looks as if the campaign in the Philippines was very nearly approaching its end.

The surprising suggestion is made by the Rev. Dr. Charles R. Parkhurst, whose eccentric performances as a reformer in New York City have attracted general attention, that the way to overthrow Tammany Hall in New York is by opening the saloons during certain hours on Sunday for the sale of beer and soft drinks. Dr. Parkhurst fancies that this would lead to a combination between the native American, German, and Hebrew voters strong enough to overthrow the Irish element which predominates in Tammany Hall. He believes that Tammany, under the present Sunday-closing law, is enabled to levy heavy taxes on the saloon-keepers for its own support, and he would end this alleged system of blackmail, which is in violation of one of the Commandments, by violating another regarding the scrupulous observance of the Sabbath. Dr. Parkhurst's suggestion will not add to his reputation as a reformer or a clergyman.

We are glad to observe that the decision of Emigration Commissioner Powderly to exclude a party of Austrians who arrived in this country, destined for various parts of the United States, has been overruled. The immigrants were able-bodied, had some means, and were in no sense paupers. They had friends and relatives, through whose aid they expected to secure work, but Commissioner Powderly suspected that they were under contract, and the law forbids the importation of contract laborers. Mere suspicion is not proof. In this matter Mr. Powderly was no doubt actuated by the same prejudices which other labor leaders too often manifest against immigrants, and the curious thing about it is that many of these leaders were themselves born abroad. This country is not yet so old that it can refuse to open its doors to able-bodied, clear-headed men and women who desire to enter in and share the bounties and blessings of the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The wonders of the Cape Nome gold-fields in Alaska are just being heard in the East, and it is computed that 50,000 fortune-seekers are prepared to make the long journey of from 2,000 to 3,000 miles from Seattle or Victoria to the distant mining region on the shores of the Arctic Ocean. The trip is long and arduous, costing a hundred dollars for first-class passage, and forty dollars a ton for freight. The American consul at Victoria points out that living expenses at Cape Nome are extravagantly high, and that fortune-hunters should be prepared with an abundance of ready cash. The charge at the restaurants for a dish of ham and eggs is two dollars, for three eggs the same; pork and beans, seventy-five cents; a loaf of bread, twenty-five cents; and for coffee and bread and butter, a dollar. Beef and butter are a dollar a pound; potatoes, ten dollars a hundred; tomatoes, three dollars a can. A shave costs a dollar; a hair-cut, one dollar and a half; a bath, two dollars, and washing a shirt, seventy-five cents. Carpenters receive one dollar and fifty cents an hour, and the hire for a horse, team, and wagon is ten dollars an hour. In the mad rush for the new gold-fields these simple, practical facts should not be forgotten.

The whole country is interested in the commerce of its great port of entry, New York City, and it is therefore interested in the controversy which has arisen between the State Commerce Commission and President Callaway of the New York Central Railroad. The commission, in its recent interesting report to Governor Roosevelt, said that the most potent cause of the decline of New York's trade is the differential rates of the railroads, largely due to the action of the New York Central. President Callaway promptly responds with a statement showing that the differentials accorded to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Newport News were the outgrowth of the competitive conditions which the differentials were expected to modify. The New York Central regards the differentials as excessive and has had them reduced as far as it could, but a demand for further reduction has been met by the statement that New York receives forty per cent. of the exported grain and that the other ports are entitled to the remaining sixty per cent. Of this forty per cent. the New York Central carries thirty-six per cent. and the canals only four; figures which have not varied in the last three years. President Callaway points out that during this period some of the other competing ports have shown decreased receipts. He makes a remarkably strong point against the recommendation that \$60,000,000 be expended by the State on the Erie Canal, namely: That the interest on this investment at four per cent., and allowing \$500,000 per year for operating expense, would make the canal cost in round numbers \$3,000,000 per annum, an amount equivalent to a charge of three cents a bushel on all the grain received at the port of New York, although the prevailing freight rate on the New York Central from Buffalo to the ship's side at New York is only 2 1/4 cents a bushel, and grain is the principal commodity that seeks canal transportation. President Callaway's facts and figures shed new light on one of the most interesting questions that the people of this State are considering, and he speaks with authority backed by a long and practical experience.

## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—At a recent meeting of the junior class of the University of Michigan Harry J. Sproat was elected base-ball manager.



HARRY J. SPROAT, A WESTERN COLLEGE ATHLETE.

Mr. Sproat is a striking figure in college athletics, being also a member of the University of Michigan track team. His entry into the latter was unique, as it was in the shape of an unexpected and unsought honor. One Thursday afternoon, in the spring of his freshman year, young Sproat went out to the track to see the team training for the meet with Illinois, which was scheduled for the Tuesday following. When he noted the time

that was being made he suddenly resolved to try it himself, and although the wheel he rode was a heavy one and not designed for racing, he came in first on the heat, and made so good a showing that he was immediately selected to go against Illinois, which race he won handily. It is doubtful if any bicycle race has ever been won with so little preparation. Thereafter his position with the track team was assured, and he has maintained it with credit to himself and the great school which he represents. He has just attained his majority, and uses neither liquor nor tobacco. He has a strong, intellectual face, with snapping black eyes, and his personal magnetism wins and keeps many friends. His devotion to wholesome sports has never interfered with his studies, in which he stands almost at the head of his class in electrical engineering. He lives in Grand Rapids. His father, Will J. Sproat, is the editor of the Grand Rapids Democrat, and is one of the oldest in point of service and most favorably known newspaper men in the State.

Twelve indictments against State officials have been returned by the grand jury which recently finished its labors at

Lansing, Mich. Among the number is Quartermaster-General Will L. White, whose case is noticeable for the amount involved and the fact that he is the only one who has not remained to face the charge. General White has been a resident of Grand Rapids, Mich., since boyhood, and was well known in business and social circles. Prominent in the State militia, he became, at the outbreak of the Spanish-American war, chief military adviser to Governor Pingree. He received a commission as lieutenant-colonel of the



GENERAL WHITE, MICHIGAN'S FUGITIVE OFFICIAL.

Thirty-fifth Michigan Volunteers, but never joined his regiment, remaining in Michigan, where his services as quartermaster-general were in demand. The indictment charges, among other offenses, that he defrauded the State by selling military stores, while a member of the military board, for \$10,500, afterward purchasing the same goods for \$60,000, he and his associates pocketing the difference. His bondsmen, the Maryland Fidelity and Deposit Company, of Baltimore, have placed the matter of his disappearance in the hands of the Pinkertons.

The charge up the heights of Argogula, in the Philippines, was as daring an exploit as the performance at San Juan hill.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BYRNE, WHO LED A FAMOUS CHARGE.

Up an almost perpendicular slope of 1,000 feet seventy members of the Sixth Infantry fought their way. Rolling down upon them came huge, plunging boulders, hurled by the enemy; but, dodging these and facing a stream of Filipino bullets, the little band of heroes reached the top, dislodged the enemy, about 400 in number, and captured the insurgent stronghold! This was one of the most daring exploits of the war in the Philippines. The hero of this charge was Lieutenant-Colonel Bernard A. Byrne, of the Sixth Infantry. Colonel Byrne has seen active frontier service since his appointment as second lieutenant in the regular army in 1875. This appointment he owes to President Grant, who knew Byrne's father intimately when

the latter was surgeon in the regular army, at the commencement of the Civil War. During the battle of San Juan it was Byrne who commanded the second battalion of the Sixth Infantry, which sustained the heaviest loss of any regiment in our late war with Spain. Colonel Byrne is a descendant of Timothy Mattack, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and known as "the fighting Quaker," and the wife of Timothy Mattack, who was the great granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell. He is a native, too, of Kansas, whence have come so many of our best fighting men.

—Captain F. Norton Goddard is one of the latest forces to be reckoned with in the political field in New York.



CAPTAIN GODDARD, THE HARVARD MAN WHO IS BECOMING A POWER IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

Holding the rank of captain on the Governor's staff, he comes naturally into close touch with the State administration. As the Republican leader in the Twentieth election district, and president of the East Side Republican Club, he has made himself felt immediately as a power in the district which has long been considered an impregnable Tammany stronghold. Through the activity of the East Side Republican Club, whose energies were directed by the skill and enterprise of its leader, Captain Goddard, the Democratic majority in the Twentieth District, which for years past has averaged 3,500, at the last election was cut down to 1,050, and the district bids fair before long to be made a Republican district, on lines not simply of partisanship, but of the highest citizenship. Captain Goddard is a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1882, and one of the younger merchants of the city of New York, engaged in a vast business under the general title of J. W. Goddard & Sons. He is a little past thirty-five years of age, and at the very height of his intellectual and physical energy. Those who know Captain Goddard credit him with not only the clearest insight into business and political complications, but a capacity for organization and direction which makes him a natural leader in the present political situation. His influence in the county committee of the Republican party is immediately felt, and must become more and more evident. As a political leader he stands for the highest ideals of citizenship, and has the rare gift of attaching to himself those who work with him, who gladly recognize his leadership, and readily accord to him not only loyalty, but personal friendship and enthusiastic regard. In the Twentieth District, where the East Side Republican Club is located, Captain Goddard has for three years past been identified with the Civic Club—a vigorous organization of 300 workmen, whose beautiful club-house was provided by Captain Goddard. The Civic Club is actively engaged in the betterment of the neighborhood in which it is placed, by the improvement of its tenements, the correction of its abuses, and the suppression of gambling. The whole situation in the Twentieth District is a good illustration of what changes for the better can be made in a large group of New York population when a man of intelligence, resource, and sympathy with human interests comes to live and work for the betterment of such a community. No greater contrast can be imagined than that which exists between the ordinary political manager and this intelligent and high-minded business man; and nothing better could be imagined for political administration as a whole than to have this illustration repeated in the person of every district leader in this great city.

—Miss Gladys Vanderbilt is one of our richest heiresses. She is the daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, and by his



MISS GLADYS VANDERBILT, ONE OF THE RICHEST AMERICAN HEIRESSSES.

will she was given \$5,000,000 in her own right, and is heiress to a part of not less than \$100,000,000, so that eventually she will be worth about \$30,000,000. Miss Gladys is the youngest of Cornelius Vanderbilt's children, and is now fourteen years of age. She has never attended school, but is taught at home by many skilled professors. She is a quiet, unassuming little girl, who dresses with extreme simplicity and is very modest in her tastes. She promises to become a very pretty and gracious woman, and will doubtless be an ornament to society. She already exhibits a very charitable nature, and takes a great interest in certain poor people. She is her mother's constant companion, and she seems greatly saddened by her father's death. She was devoted to him, and they were the best of comrades. In the picture Miss Gladys is taken with one of her dogs, of which she has many, some of which cost many thousands of dollars. This one is of a rare breed, and cost \$2,500 when a mere puppy. Miss Gladys is the cousin of the Duchess of Marlborough, and a sister of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney.

—The business world heard with painful surprise of the sudden death of Phil D. Armour, Jr., at Montecito, Cal., recently. Some of the newspapers confounded him with his eminent father, the head of the famous Chicago packing-house. He was

a son of the founder of that great business establishment, and was one of the three members of the firm, the others being his father and his well-known brother, J. Ogden Armour. The last named has for many years past borne the burden of the responsibilities which the father formerly carried. Mr. Armour, senior, is himself in California, seeking rest and health after a life spent in a round of ceaseless industry, which brought its reward in the shape of fame and fortune. J. Ogden Armour, who is now virtually in charge of the enormous business interests of the Armour company, is still a young man, and, fortunately, he has inherited the rare business qualities of his father as well as the latter's singular faculty of making and holding good friends everywhere. Few realize what an enormous establishment Mr. Armour, senior, has built up from small beginnings. Some years ago, in exhibiting the annual statement of his business, he surprised a New-Yorker by the revelation that its aggregate was double the entire freight and passenger business of the New York Central Railroad during the same year. The Armour establishment has gradually extended its operations so as to include the utilization of every product of its raw material. Mr. Armour used to laugh when he told his friends that he had now succeeded in utilizing everything appertaining to the pig excepting the squeak.

—An unusual number of our great institutions of learning have entered the present school year under new executive management. Among these



LOUIS EDWARD HOLDEN, THE NEW PRESIDENT OF WOOSTER UNIVERSITY, OHIO.

are Yale University with President Hadley, Brown University with President Faunce, and Amherst College with President Harris, concerning all of whom note and comment have been made in these columns. To these educational leaders thus honored must be added the name of Professor Louis Edward Holden, the newly-elected president of Wooster University, Wooster, Ohio. Professor Holden came to his new office from Beloit College, Wisconsin, his alma mater, where for eight years he held the chair of oratory.

He gave up the larger part of his time, however, to raising funds for the college, and in this work, as well as in his teaching service, he was eminently successful. In 1889 Beloit College had, all told, but \$250,000 in plant and endowment. In its last report it reached beyond the million mark, showing a growth of \$800,000 in ten years. The greater part of this magnificent increase was due to the energetic and indefatigable efforts of Professor Holden. The tact, wisdom, and rare executive ability which he displayed in this service for Beloit have specially qualified him for the new and higher station to which he has been called. Professor Holden is still a young man, being only thirty-six years old, and is immensely popular with young men because of his sympathetic nature and winning personality. Under his forceful and enthusiastic leadership it is confidently expected that Wooster University will enjoy a prosperity even greater than it has ever known before.

—The brief and doubtful victory gained by the British in the attack upon the Boer position at Spion Kop, on the night of



MAJOR-GENERAL WOODGATE, MORTALLY WOUNDED AT SPION KOP.

January 25th, cost the lives of many gallant men, the most conspicuous among them being Brigadier-General Edward R. P. Woodgate, who commanded the Eleventh Brigade in General Warren's division. He was dangerously wounded while leading his men, and died a few hours afterward. General Woodgate was a veteran in the service with a long and brilliant record. He entered the army in 1865, at the age of twenty, and gained his first honors in the Abyssinian campaign of 1868. He carried the colors at the storming of Magdala, and obtained a medal and clasp for his bravery. In the Ashanti campaign of 1873-4 he was again rewarded for gallant conduct. He was promoted to a captaincy in 1878, and the next year took part in the Zulu war as staff officer of the Flying Column. Subsequently he became a brigade major in Jamaica, and followed that with a period of service in India. He achieved his greatest distinction as commander of the West African frontier regiment, with which he suppressed a rebellion of the natives in Sierra Leone in 1898. He captured Bey Buri, the notorious chieftain and leader of the rebels, and effectually subdued the uprising. He was invalided home in February, 1899, and remained in England until given command of a brigade for the South African war.

—Through the inadvertence of a party for whom we are not responsible, the photograph of Lieutenant Sherwood Cheney, of the corps of engineers, was printed in our last issue as that of Lieutenant Ward Cheney, the brave young hero who sacrificed his life for his country in the Philippines. We hasten to explain the mistake, as several of the friends of Lieutenant Sherwood Cheney have written us regarding it. The last-mentioned officer was graduated from the United States Military Academy in the class of 1897, standing high in his class, and has made a splendid record as a soldier. We regret the inadvertence which has caused his friends much disquiet.



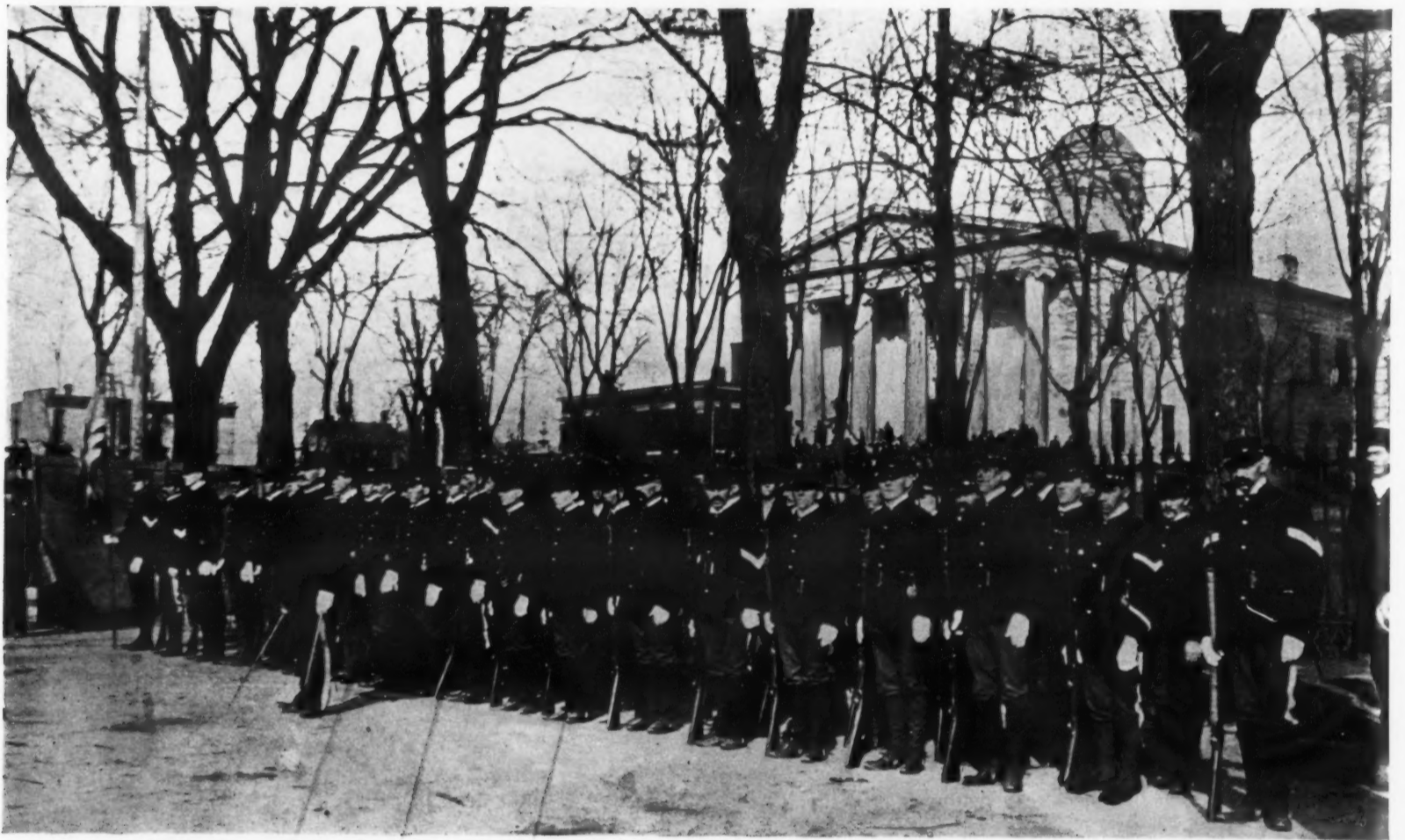
JACK CHINN, THE KENTUCKY FIGHTER, WHO CAUGHT GOEBEL AS HE FELL.



THE HON. WILLIAM GOEBEL, WHO WAS SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN.



EPH LILLARD, WARDEN OF THE PENITENTIARY, WHO WAS WITH GOEBEL AT THE TIME OF THE SHOOTING.



THE LOCAL MILITARY COMPANIES SUMMONED TO DUTY AFTER THE SHOOTING.



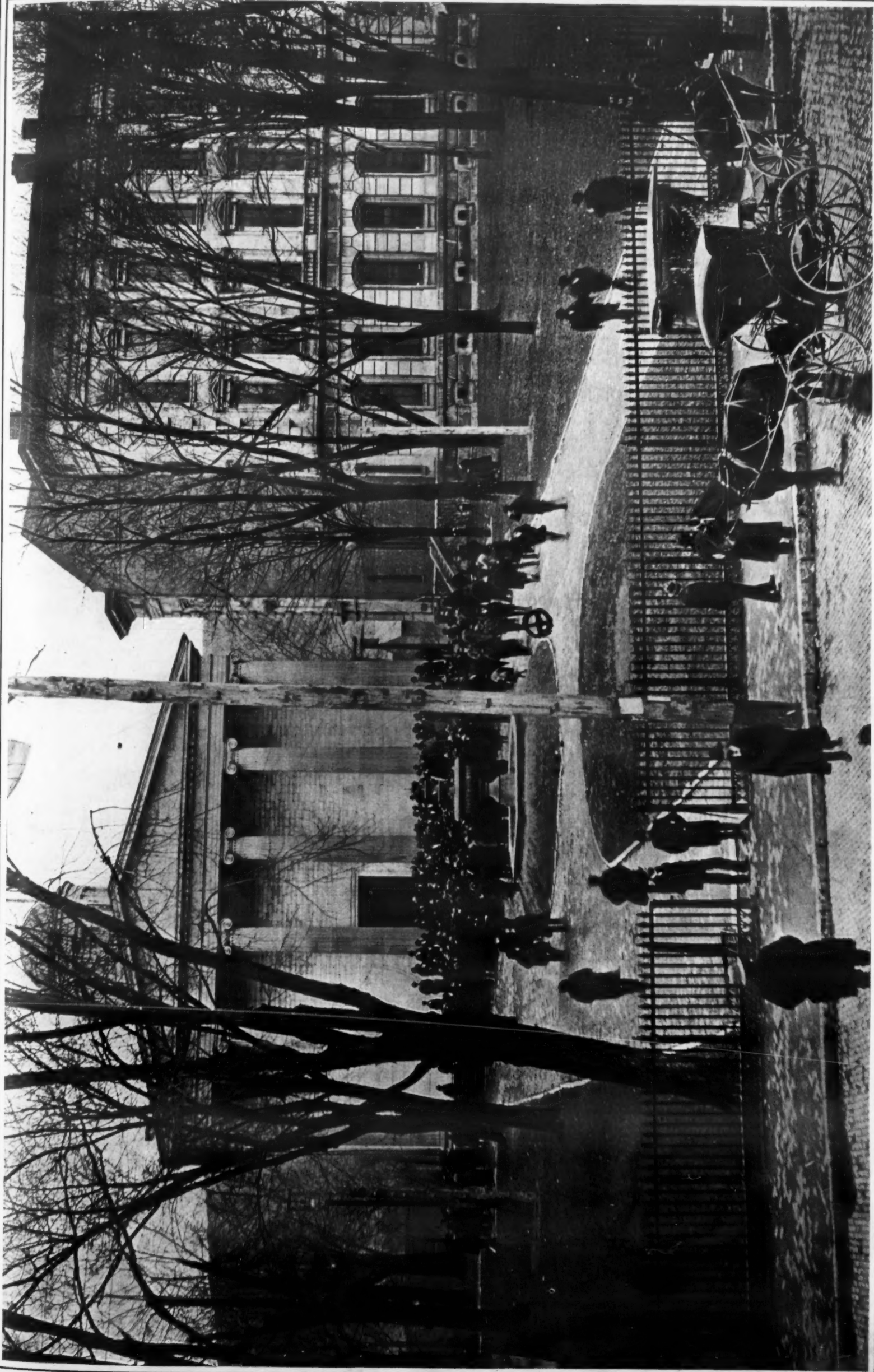
THE ARSENAL AT FRANKFORT, KY., HEADQUARTERS OF THE TROOPS CALLED OUT BY THE GOVERNOR.



THE EXECUTIVE MANSION, RESIDENCE OF THE GOVERNOR, AT FRANKFORT, KY.

### THE MURDEROUS CRIME OF AN ASSASSIN AT FRANKFORT, KY.

THE VICTIM AND THE TWO FRIENDS WHO WERE WITH HIM—THE MILITIA, WHO WERE QUICKLY SUMMONED TO DUTY.  
PHOTOGRAPHED ESPECIALLY FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY E. CARL WOLFF, FRANKFORT, KY.



SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF SENATOR GOEBEL, AT FRANKFORT, KY.

MOUNTAINEERS AND CITIZENS GATHERED ABOUT THE STATE CAPITOL IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE WOUNDED MAN. (THE CIRCLE INDICATES WHERE HE FELL.) THE SHOT, IT IS BELIEVED, WAS FIRED FROM THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE EXECUTIVE BUILDING, TO THE RIGHT OF THE CAPITOL.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY H. E. RISLEY, FRANKFORT, KY.

## BUSINESS CHANCES IN MANILA.—NO. 2.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR MEN WITH SMALL CAPITAL IN VARIOUS LINES OF TRADE—  
THINGS TO AVOID.

MANILA, P. I., December 22d, 1899.—Ice is highly esteemed in Manila, because it is hard to get. It is also very high-priced. This statement should give a hint as to a very profitable field of investment out here. In the hospitals government-made ice is supplied. The people at large, including the American and European residents, are obliged to go to the local ice company, which has a plant with a daily output of something like twenty-four tons.

"They sell ice by the carat in Manila." This is a stock joke here. The real situation is quite bad enough. If you buy ice daily, say from twenty to fifty pounds, you will pay for it two cents (Mexican) per pound—that is, if you have the presence of mind and the prepossessing countenance to pay your bill at the end of each month. But if you pay cash from day to day you are asked three cents a pound. Perhaps you are unkind enough to keep scales and weigh your cake of frozen comfort. Then, perhaps, you will turn to the driver of the ice-wagon for explanations. "By my patron saint, señor," expostulates the fellow, "the cake was of full weight when I started. But consider the effect of the sun. Am I to be blamed for heat that I cannot control?"

Of course he is not at fault, and you are most unreasonable to find fault. If you are foolish enough to go on insisting that there is any marketable difference between sixteen pounds of ice and twenty you are very likely to find yourself dropped from the ice company's list in favor of some more sensible fellow who is on the company's long waiting list. A concern that can manufacture but twenty-four tons of ice in a city as large as San Francisco is in a position to be dictatorial, even where the coal trust would weaken. Now, if you are so unfortunate as to offend the ice purveyor, after becoming one of his patrons, you are driven to the beer-saloon, where you will always find ice-cold beer, for the local brewery manufactures about enough ice for its wholesale customers. It is impossible to say accurately what the ice consumption of Manila would be if the supply were free enough and cheap enough. A supply of several hundred tons a day would find an easy market. It is a tempting chance for an investor, a firm, or small company with the necessary thousands of dollars.

Few better opportunities of the smaller kind exist than for the man who thoroughly understands the retail tobacco business as it is carried on in the United States. It is purely a matter of taste as to which is the best tobacco for a pipe. Hence there must be a great variety, including all the well-known American brands. About the only American tobaccos to be found here at present are those supplied by the army commissaries. For some curious reason they are not the ones which are most in demand by the American pipe-smoker. And even these tobaccos are not obtainable by civilian residents, since the commissaries sell only to those in the military service.

All tobacco sent out here must come in sealed tin. Otherwise the climate will get at the weed and cause it to mould. I remember finding one day a pound glass jar of American tobacco displayed in the centre of the show window of a store which dealt in military goods. It was of a brand which I remembered having smoked once in the States. Certainly it was superior, in my way of thinking, to any of the brands dispensed by the army commissary. So I sauntered into the store, picked up the jar, and inquired the price.

"Four dollars Mexican, señor," was the proprietor's answer. That was about four times its price in the United States, but such a trifle couldn't matter when one was hungry for a smoke of better tobacco. So I decided to take it, but first unscrewed the lid. It was well I did so, for the top of the tobacco was covered with mould. I called the man's attention to it.

"Ah, but that is only on the top," was the reassuring reply. Either he was mistaken or an intentional liar, for a little prying through the jar disclosed the fact that the entire lot was damaged beyond the possibility of decent smoking.

"Ah, it is very good, señor, I assure you," insisted the man, plaintively.

"Bosh! You can't fool any American with that stuff," and I put it down, unwilling to take it for even the smallest coin known to Mexican currency. Yet at Singapore I had found English tobacco that had been there a year, and yet as sweet as when it left the factory. Its exportation in sealed tin accounted for its excellence. Of American cigarettes there is already a plentiful supply in Manila. As to American or Havana cigars, it would be hopeless to try to sell them in a place where a good cigar can be bought, retail, at the rate of fifty cigars for fifty-five cents of American money. But for a thoroughly assorted stock of sweet American smoking tobaccos there is every prospect in the world. Happy will be the man who first starts a typewriter agency in Manila. Outside of those owned by the government, there are very few to be had in this new metropolis of ours. The demand for them is growing every day, but not the supply. The machine in general use at present is an English affair, the agency for which is at Hong-Kong, and its Manila business is carried on, after the sleepy fashion of the East, by means of advertisements in the Manila newspapers. A good American typewriter would chase it out with promptitude and profit. Moreover, if the machines could be obtained on a basis of consignment and commissions, very little capital, comparatively, would be required.

At the same time it is well to say that, at the present writing, there is a very healthy demand for competent American stenographers and typewriter-operators, both in American business houses here and in some of the government offices. Good salaries are obtainable for the work. Furthermore, as the market for such labor may become glutted at any time, I would advise those who wish to try it to do so only after obtaining a guaranteed position through correspondence. Under no circumstances come out here without the price of a return ticket! Of saddlery and harness goods there is an abundance in the market, but it is cheap and trashy. For a good, solid, durable American article along these lines there is sufficient demand for

at least one dealer to establish himself. On country journeys over the greater part of the island of Luzon a saddle-horse is an absolute necessity, and a saddle that can be depended upon not to break will often save the owner's life. Saddles of this description are not made in Manila, nor are they to be had, except by those who are privileged to purchase the army saddle from the government.

The man owning from three to six express-wagons can establish an excellent business in Manila at any time in the near future. At present there is no such thing as an express company for local and suburban work. There is an abundant demand for such a company. The Americans have brought the demand with them, but so far no one has ventured to fill it. Even if you wish to move your furniture from one house to another the customary way is to employ Chinese coolies, who carry the pieces between them. If you are new in Manila, and make a purchase that is heavier than you want to carry yourself, perhaps you will tell the dealer where you want it sent.

"Certainly," is his answer. "Will you leave with me the money to pay the coolie, or will you hire him yourself?"

If you intimate, in your respectful American way, that it is his business to deliver his own sales to his customers, he will look at you and mentally speculate as to what new brand of lunatic you are. Incidentally, you will be wise if you hire the coolie yourself. It will be cheaper, if you are anything of a bargainer. But ere long the American system of free delivery will creep in, and as almost all Manila stores are too small to afford a special-delivery system of their own, the express company will pick up this line of business in addition to its others. It would be far better to bring over the express-wagons from America. They will be stronger and better in every way than those of local make. In addition, the regulation type of American express-wagon would have an individuality, a something distinctive, about it, when contrasted with the queer carts of the East, that would attract attention on all sides. This would, in fact, amount to a cheap and very effective style of advertising the new business.

And this naturally brings us to another subject—American horses. Here is a splendid opportunity for the man who knows the business and who has the capital to conduct it. The demand is simply out of sight in the distance beyond the point of supply. Horseflesh of any kind is at present a source of wealth in Manila. The army's needs have so exhausted the supply that, whereas, in former times, the poor native pony could be bought for twenty pesos (Mexican dollars) a fairly good specimen of native pony will now bring from fifty to seventy-five dollars in American gold. It would be impossible to quote present rates for American horses, because there are none to quote. All that there are are beneath American cavalrymen and artillerymen. Some time ago a ship-load of Australian horses was sent up to Manila for trial. The results were disappointing. Then Hong-Kong ponies were shipped in. They also failed to come up to requirements.

It has been alleged by some that American horses do not thrive here. You will hear that the native grass cuts their intestines. If that is so it would seem to point to the profit of shipping American hay and oats to Manila. But it may be said that there are plenty of American army horses that have stood the racket ever since they have been in the islands, and are still in apparently good condition. The fact is that the American horse is as healthy here as the American man himself. Neither will be quite up to his home concert pitch. But the American horse will do very well here, if properly cared for, and he will sell fast. No one walks in Manila who can afford to drive. There is considerable wealth here, some in the army families and some in the commercial circles, and these people want as handsome horseflesh as they can get, for Manila is essentially a showy and extravagant town. Matched pairs, single drivers, and saddle-horses would change owners speedily here. All the horses should be of the best.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

### Aguinaldo's Son Captured.

HOW THE MOTHER AND CHILD OF THE INSURGENT FILIPINO LEADER WERE CLEVERLY CAUGHT—REMARKABLE RECEPTION TO UNCLE SAM'S FIGHTERS.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

SAN FABIAN, P. I., November 30th, 1899.—He isn't much of a chap, and when he grows to manhood his family will be able to tell him of the treachery of his friends; for was it not through information from those to whom he went for protection that he now rests under the protecting arm of Uncle Sam? There is a pathetic vein running through this episode, and Miguel could not understand it, nor his grandmother, an enfeebled old woman who lives in ease upon the reputation of her son. But, whatever the cause of present troubles, they are now well fed, and certainly they could not boast of this while Colonel J. F. Bell, of the Thirty-sixth Infantry, was smashing away at Aguinaldo from the rear, while General Wheaton was threatening to engulf his whole army through a strategic movement beginning on the shores of the gulf of Lingayen. Miguel is only two years of age, but he smoked a cigar with perfect enjoyment when I saw him, an air of reflection on the youngster's features causing him to present a most ludicrous appearance. He doesn't speak English, but has a masterful command of the profane. The ease with which he says "damn" puts to blush an East-Side boy in New York.

Major M. D. Cronin commands the second battalion of the Thirty-third Regiment, which did some of the fighting at San Jacinto and at the landing at San Fabian. Gallant Major "Jack" Logan was a member of this regiment, and fell at the head of his troops at San Jacinto. After San Jacinto was taken Major Cronin held the town with his battalion. There isn't much to do when garrisoning a town, and, to relieve the monotony, the men repair to the highways on what they term

a "hike," every man of them hopeful that the insurgents will engage them before their return to quarters at night.

Consequently, when an *amigo* entered town and tried to tell Major Cronin, between gasps, that Señora Hilario Rosario de Aguinaldo and grandson Miguel were at Carbarnan with several members of the Filipino government, it was an opportunity Major Cronin had looked for. This was Sunday, November 19th, and that night orders were given for a march the following day. It must be explained here that the natives of Carbarnan did not feel safe in harboring the son of the celebrated Filipino President and general-in-chief, and calculated that by securing the co-operation of the American troops it would result in their own safety and rid the city of several troublesome occupants.

Hence the march which Major Cronin headed. Lieutenant Lowe, Company B; Lieutenants Van Wie and Pickle, Company A; Captain Butler, Company C, and Lieutenant Hugh Williams, Company D, officered the command. They reached Manauang early and took time only for coffee, when they began the march to Carbarnan. After traveling all day through rice-fields and into and out of the bamboo brush, they came to a river difficult to ford. The heavy rains had swollen it until even the *bancos* hardly dared brave it. It was a peculiar spectacle, when the American troops were drawn up on one side of the river, to find the population of the town dressed in white and carrying white flags, handkerchiefs, table-cloths, and—too bad to relate—some of the women brandishing a portion of their wardrobes which even Filipino women are not supposed to expose to public view. Anything, only that it was white—a token of friendliness. The people of Carbarnan had prepared for the coming of the American soldiers. A raft anchored on the opposite side of the torrent was soon used to transport the troops to the other side, and then began the queerest procession the American soldier has looked upon in the Philippine Islands.

The soldiers ascended a sharp incline and saw in the distance a beautiful native city. Banners were flying from every house; the city was draped in white. Preceded by the *padres*, the battalion made a triumphant entry, men, women, and children lying flat on the ground as the troops passed, to emphasize their complete humility. And then came the two bands the village supported. Playing lively American airs, they escorted the officers to the town hall, where the council chamber had been profusely decorated for the occasion. Major Cronin and staff occupied seats on the platform with the president and *harrido* representatives. An interpreter carefully reported the address of welcome from the president, who, in the course of a remarkable speech, stated that the town was *amigo*, and entirely at the disposal of the American soldiers. Then came refreshments, more playing by the band, and a reply to the president's discourse by Major Cronin. It was awfully funny.

Major Cronin had come to Carbarnan for another purpose, and he was finally compelled to state this fact. Then all was bustle and confusion. The president summoned several of the natives, who were to act as guides to a house in the outskirts of the town, where Señora Aguinaldo, Miguel, and Buen Camino, Aguinaldo's secretary of state, were residing. The house, by the way, was the property of Felipe Delos Santos, chief of scouts in the insurgent army. It is this rascal who kept "Aggie" informed of the movements of the United States forces. He kept a stable of Filipino runners, and every movement of the American troops, no matter how carefully the secret was guarded, became known to the general through his chief of scouts. His capture was an important one.

At seven o'clock Captain Van Wie was detailed with six men to proceed to the house and make prisoners of all occupants. Two hours later he came to report to his chief. Upon the arrival of the officer and detail, the members of the household had fled in great disorder. Señora Aguinaldo and Miguel could not escape and they were made to understand that they were prisoners. At nine o'clock Captain Van Wie made his report and the infant son of the rebel general set up a terrific howl as he was brought into the presence of the major. To Lieutenant Hugh Williams was assigned the task of quieting the obstreperous youngster, and this the lieutenant did admirably.

Major Cronin was not satisfied. He wanted the chief of scouts and Buen Camino, and he wanted them badly. While he talked with the president, and was assured for the thousandth time that the good people of Carbarnan were the friends of the Americans, Lieutenant Williams was sent with thirty men to lie in ambush for the secretary of state and apprehend him if possible. An hour later an outpost was established and the lieutenant lay in wait for the home-coming of the rebels. It was dreary waiting in the thick grass, but the efforts of the men were finally rewarded. At midnight several dark forms could be seen approaching the house and when commanded to halt they did so readily; Secretary Camino being the spokesman, and quickly arguing that he and his men had come to give themselves up. Among the Filipinos in the party besides Camino were two insurgent captains and Aguinaldo's adjutant.

In the round-up, fifty-two persons were taken by Lieutenant Lowe, to whom the prisoners were turned over, before Major Cronin, who dispensed justice then and there, liberating the *amigos* and putting under arrest all who had served with the insurgent army. The officers were not loath to say that they liked the idea of entering the American lines, for they realized that the rebellion was hopeless and their safety lay in getting to Manila as speedily as possible. Señora Aguinaldo, in spite of her extreme age, made a vigorous protest, but when supplied with a rich diet and several packages of cigarettes, she said that she was willing to abide with her captors if the same amount of food was guaranteed each day. Major Cronin silenced all objection with a promise. That night the officers were invited to the home of the president, while the soldiers occupied the large church.

Early the next morning the Americans left Carbarnan. It was a laughable sight, this procession. Priests and laymen escorted the Americans from the town. They were all garbed in white and bowed to the ground at every other step. The soldiers had had an experience and did not come away empty-handed.

Every other man in command had a present to take back with him as a memento of a most delightful occasion. All of the monkeys in the neighborhood had been rounded up, and

those Americans who were not fortunate enough to be provided with a four-legged pet were supplied with a parrot. The soldier who did not have a half dozen hens strung across his back was not enterprising. Every man had his pockets full of boiled eggs. No man went away without a liberal supply of oranges. Bananas were carted away by the wagon-load. To refuse these gifts was considered an act of unfriendliness.

The command reached San Jacinto that night, and Colonel Luther R. Hare stood at his window when the crowd went by. He could not believe his senses. Monkeys were chattering, parrots were screaming, and hens cackling. And when a belated soldier finally came by leading an Australian calf it was too much. Colonel Hare laughed until his sides ached, and did not subside until Major Cronin came with his report.

The incident is not duplicated in the campaign. The capture was a most important one and demonstrated to General Wheaton that night that Aguinaldo was hard pushed indeed to desert his mother and child. Information furnished by the officers captured showed the desperate plight "Aggie" found himself in when the invading army forced its way over the breastworks at San Fabian, and created the cemetery at San Jacinto. It was just such news as the department looked for, and General MacArthur was happy indeed that Major Cronin was wise enough to accept the invitation from the people of Carabanan to come and pay them a visit. But the insurgents say that when General Aguinaldo happens to run across the president of Carabanan there's going to be a warm time, and the soldiers of Major Cronin's battalion don't doubt it.

C. FRED ACKERMAN.

## New York's Army of Paupers.

IT NUMBERS OVER ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND AND IS LARGER THAN THE POPULATION OF SEVERAL IMPORTANT CITIES AND SOME OF OUR STATES—SOME OF THE AGENCIES FOR RELIEF.

THE Department of Public Charities of those divisions of the city of New York that are distinguished as the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, during the three winter months admits about 40,000 persons to the numerous public institutions for the relief of the poor. In the same period nearly 12,000 individuals are assisted by the out-door poor department. If we were to add the figures for the three other boroughs of the city, and to include the number of persons who are entirely or partly supported by philanthropies other than public, we would have an aggregate of not less than 100,000 paupers in the great metropolis.

It is common to speak of "the army of the poor"; statistics prove that there is no exaggeration in the phrase. One out of every forty of the population is dependent upon charity. The number of the metropolitan poor is almost equal to the last return of the entire population of the city of Indianapolis, Ind., or to that of the city of Providence, R. I. It is larger by forty per cent. than the war army of the Boer republic. It is nearly as large as the combined inhabitants of the Territory of Oklahoma and the State of Nevada. It is nearly twice as great as the number of people in the State of Wyoming when the last census was taken. Greater New York, therefore, has a State of Poverty which, while it is without Senators or Representatives in Congress, is large enough to claim the serious attention of the public if not to excite the alarm of the thoughtful.

Putting aside all sentimental considerations and not pausing to consider the suffering which, in spite of all agencies of relief and help, is constant among the impoverished, it might be well for the reader to permit his thoughts to dwell upon the ascertained fact that the pauper army is increasing in a greater ratio than the population. In years of normal business conditions the gain is proportionate. In years of financial depression there are great and abnormal increases. But when business recovers there is no corresponding falling off in the ratio of those who look to the public for support. The tide flows, but it does not ebb equal to the flow. There are some men who, when they have demonstrated that they can live without work, will not afterward work to live.

In the illustration given elsewhere the daily line of applicants at the office of Mr. Blair, the superintendent of the out-door poor, is typified. These are not always solicitors for relief from the public funds. There are many women among them. Sometimes men who are tired of their families and of working for them run away. The families would become public charges if these men, or some of them, were not pursued to their refuges, arrested, and forced to give bonds to support their wives and children. The magistrate names a certain sum per week, according to the earning capacity of the deserter. The payments are made to Mr. Blair, who in turn does them out to the abandoned wife. The wives may be women of excellence or they may be drinking and slatternly vixens. Whatever they are, the husbands, if they can be found, and if they can earn enough, must pay for their support as long as the marriage tie exists. They were married for better, for worse.

This department of the out-door poor has another class of applicants—men and women who crave for admission to the almshouses, hospitals, and the lodging-house for homeless men. There are many who appear to solicit the privilege of placing their children in the asylums and other institutions. During the three winter months the total number of persons who receive food, lodgings, baths, and medical and surgical attendance at the free lodging-house for men is about 27,000, and the number of children sent to public institutions is nearly 15,000. Figures like these show that New York is as pre-eminent in its poverty as it is in other ways.

The private philanthropies of New York City are so numerous and varied that it is an impossibility to select one as a type. The line of hungry men waiting for a meal at St. Andrew's Mission exhibits one of the methods of relief. Hotels, restaurants, bakeries, and other places throughout the city also give out food at specified hours to applicants. The demand, however, is almost invariably greater than the supply.

One who would see an incident of heart-harrowing poverty need not look far. The illustration depicting two children in a tenement-house room, waiting hungry and alone while their mother is out in search of employment, calls attention to one incident of pathetic poverty that can be a thousand times du-

plicated. In this case the father was discouraged or unwilling to work. One day he disappeared. The police have not been able to find him. The mother works when she can procure employment. The children are growing up in ignorance of almost everything except that life for them is cruel and hard.

Organized and unorganized charity and public and private treasuries contribute liberally to help the poor. But the army of poverty is so large that the average dole must be limited. Some of the beneficiaries of philanthropy are ungrateful, and that trait injures them and their class. On Christmas Day the Salvation Army gave baskets filled with good dinners to thousands of women. Some of the latter, who had obtained from other charities food for the day, sold their baskets at a fraction of their value to small storekeepers. Such traits as these are frequently met with by those who work among the poor. It is evident that meanness and ingratitude among applicants for charity are treason to their own class. HENRY McMILLEN.

## How To Reach the Filipino.

THE URGENT NEED OF A NATIONAL INSTITUTION TO TEACH THE VARIOUS DIALECTS OF THE PHILIPPINES.

"Oh, yes, we must pacify the Filipino, and quickly, too. We must bring him to realize that the United States is his great, good friend; that we are thoroughly honest in our intentions, and that only through our aid can he advance most rapidly in the paths of happiness. In order to accomplish all this we must—"

And it is right at this point that wise people with patent Philippine remedies branch off. Hardly two wise men follow the same road thence. We are to tell the Filipino this, and tell him that—and how? By talking to him, of course! Very easy, to be sure! All we have to do is to talk to the Filipino, and, if we can make him believe what we say, the rest will be easy.

But how are we to talk to him? There's where the friction of the thing comes in. Apparently not one of the wise men has wondered how we are to carry on the conversation. Throughout the Philippine group some sixty or so dialects are spoken. Learn the dialect that is spoken at one point; then travel thirty or forty miles north, east, west, or south, and you will come upon a people who know nothing of the dialect with which you started. Here is a truth that fairly sags with gravity: If we need administrators and diplomats in the Eastern colonies we need Elihu Burritts far more. Before we can convince the little brown man of our ultimate friendliness, before we can even make him understand what our laws require of him, we must be able to reach him in a tongue that he can understand.

It may be said that Spanish is the common language of all these diverse tribes, but that is not the case. The educated Filipinos, who have been the most in contact with their former Spanish masters in the larger cities, and who have aided the Spanish government by filling the smaller official positions, speak Spanish fairly well. So do the natives living in Manila and in a few of the other large cities. But there are millions of natives all through the Philippine group who know hardly a word of Spanish. The whole communication of these people is through the medium of their own particular tribal language, and there are a few scores of these.

Obviously, if we are to talk with these people—and talk is cheaper and more humane than bullets—we must first master their many dialects. Ever since the Americans first occupied Manila young men have been flocking across the sea from this country and filling various government positions in which they were called upon to have verbal dealings with these people. How many of these government young men have learned, at the most, anything more than Spanish? Practically none of them. And yet it is through these army and civil servants that we are trying to reach the perplexed little Malay. What nonsense! He listens to our vehement protestations, and doesn't understand a word of what we are trying to say to him.

We can hire interpreters? Of course we can—and be jolly well "done" for our pains. The interpreter, if he be an Oriental, is very sure to use his position for his own ends. I remember being present, once, when an American officer was making use of a half-breed native as lingual go-between. He was a storekeeper. The American officer attempted to explain to the people that they must keep their homes and markets in the best sanitary condition. Gravely enough the interpreter listened, and then began to talk to his fellow-townsmen. The people heard, looked puzzled, gave a dubious cheer of "Viva los Estados Unidos," and went away. But one Chinaman came stealthily back, plucked at the American officer's sleeve, and whispered:

"Why that interpreter tell us we must buy all our sugar at his store? You say so?"

Another interpreter whom I remember had a wife who had become involved in a dispute with some other townspeople. The next time this interpreter was called upon to translate the commandant's wishes, he threw in an order on his own account that there must be no more disputes with his (the interpreter's) wife, under pain of the American law.

If we are ever to give the natives of the islands the least idea of what we mean to do for them, we must have none but Americans for interpreters. We might, of course, create the post of interpreter, give him a place on the civil list, and a stated salary. We shall be making a big mistake, however, if we do not henceforth require every government employé in the islands to be a tolerable master of the languages that will be useful in his portion of the archipelago. Nor is this as difficult in practice as it seems.

Congress may, and doubtless will, give us much legislation that will be wise and good. But the first step of all, if we are not to make countless and costly blunders, must be to provide a national institute of some kind, with being and headquarters somewhere, for the teaching of at least the more important of the Filipino native dialects. The way to start this is simple. Let a commission of truly eminent philologists be sent to the Philippines. There let them learn all that they can of the different dialects. Let them collate and classify this knowledge. Let them bring back with them competent native instructors. Make it a legal requirement that every candidate for a civil position in the Philippines, of whatever degree or pay, must

first attend this institute of Philippine dialects; that he must pass, prior to final appointment, a genuine and searching examination in Spanish and in the tribal dialect of the portion of the islands to which he aspires to be appointed. If he can pass an examination in more than one dialect, let that fact react to his advantage. Thus every government employé will be able to talk directly with the natives to whom he is sent to help administer. It will have another great advantage—it will keep out of government berths all young men who have not the brains and energy needful to master a language or two!

At the same time our commercial class can derive a great benefit from such a national institute of Filipino dialects. Merchants and clerks intending to go to the Philippines, might, upon payment of proper fees, be enrolled at this institute for a course in the dialects that will be needful to them.

Much Philippine legislation will be needed, but, as sure as the sun shines, this legislation will all get switched on to the wrong track if we do not, at the very outset, provide a means of getting at the intellects of our new subjects. This can be done only by learning to talk to them in a tongue that they understand.

H. IRVING HANCOCK.

## Brave Sergeant Green.

HOW A COLORED SOLDIER, SINGLE-HANDED, DEFENDED A WAGON-TRAIN AGAINST A DETACHMENT OF FILIPINOS.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

BAMBAN, P. I., December 2d, 1899.—From Angeles to Bamban the railroad has been destroyed, and during the operations which must complete it the carabao trains transport rations across ten miles of country for the garrisons farther up the line and those stationed at points adjacent to the railroad. These trains number one hundred—and even more—carts, and a mighty supply of food for the hungry troops is transported here every day, a supply that is depended upon, too.

General A. S. Burt's Twenty-fifth Regiment of colored men is stationed at Bamban at this writing, where the gigantic specimens of the African race strike terror into the hearts of the simple natives. General Burt has drilled his men well.

On the thirtieth of November a heavily loaded outfit of carabao carts was slowly plodding in the direction of Bamban. The train comprised 104 carts and eight escort wagons, and it seemed like an unpardonable act of indiscretion that Sergeant D. P. Green should be the only man sent with this train. Two American soldiers journeying to their commands and an escaped Spanish soldier had taken advantage of the escort to reach Bamban. There was scarcely any reason that these men should travel ahead of the slow-moving caravan in such a country, but it turned out to be a remarkable lucky circumstance. They were a mile from Mobalacat, an intermediate station, when a volley from Mausers and Remingtons sang and trebled over their heads. Filipinos always shoot high, but succeed usually in getting the range of their foes when they are being scattered. It was only through poor marksmanship that the men escaped instant death. Dropping to the ground they hugged the grass until the bullets began to clip closely by them, when they broke for cover. Fighting their way through the thickets, they finally reached the train, which Sergeant Green had halted upon the sound of the firing. Fully thirty insurgents were coming across the fields as fast as they could run and firing as they came. The soldiers clambered into an escort wagon and the Spaniard attempted to do the same. His foot was on one of the spokes of the forward wheel when he dropped to the ground with a scream of agony, shot through the breast. A long, lean hand of an American reached over the side of the wagon and drew the body of the Spaniard into the box. "Make a run for it," yelled a soldier. The Cheno drivers had scattered and lay trembling in the bush.

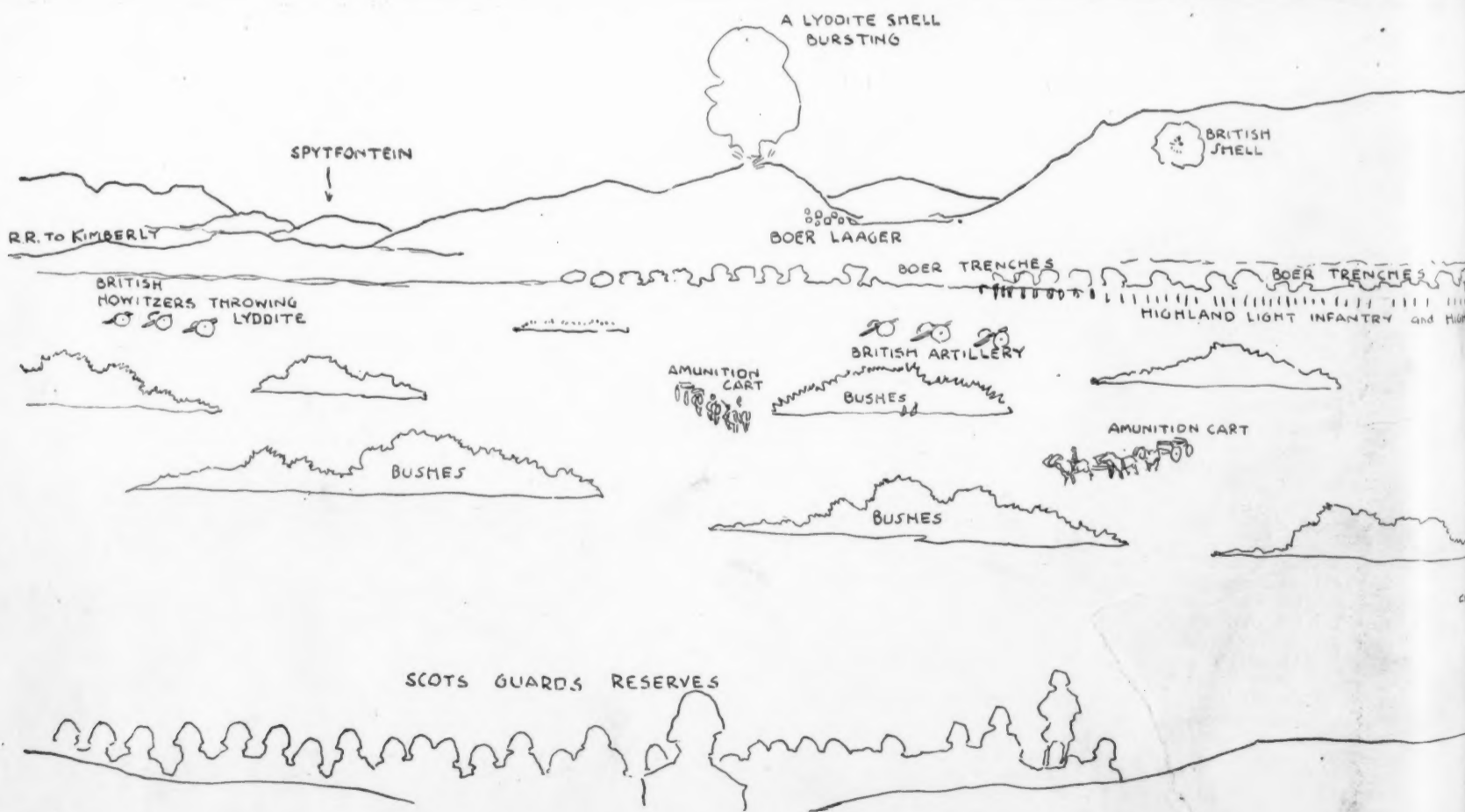
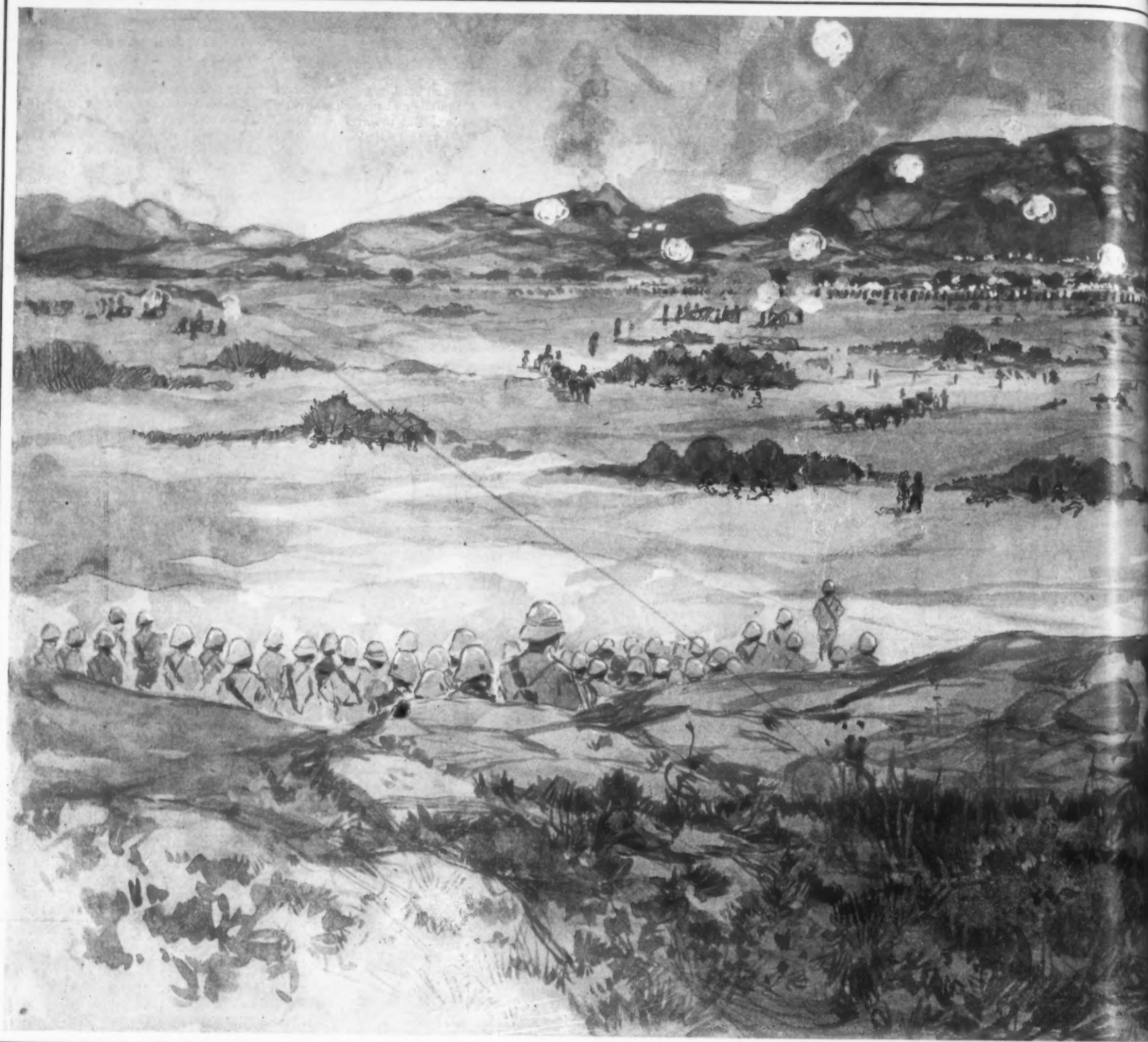
"Like — I will," said Sergeant Green. He philosophically added: "There's going to be war right here." Calmly seated upon the wagon and cautioning the men to remain under cover, he began to pump lead into the advancing insurgents at 600 yards until it staggered them. Sergeant Green is a crack shot and he did not throw his ammunition away. As calmly and thoroughly as though he were engaged in target practice upon the home range he continued his fusillade. Undaunted by the increasing fire of the enemy, refusing to be swerved from his purpose by the pleadings of the unarmed soldiers in the escort wagon to fly, Sergeant Green proved himself a brave colored soldier. Nobly he stood his ground. The enemy was raked by his fire and several of them went to earth. They were coming, coming, oh, so fast, and the ammunition in the brave man's belt growing low and harder and harder to get at as he pulled desperately to loosen it, when a faint yell in the distance told him succor was at hand. A company from the Twenty-fifth, under Lieutenant Reynolds Burt, was coming double-quick. The insurgents noted the arrival of the re-enforcements and paused in their advance. Then, as the colored soldiers charged with wild yells, the insurgents scattered like frightened sheep, and into the swamp they plunged, where, in the fastnesses of that morass, they were safe. They could not take their dead with them, but several wounded were not hit sufficiently hard to enable the colored men to effect a capture.

Lieutenant Burt found Sergeant Green in a state of semi-exhaustion on the wagon-seat, where he was wiping the sweat from his brow and shaking with glee. He recounted the facts of the assault very modestly, but the white soldiers spared no details.

"Sergeant Green, you are a — brave man," was Lieutenant Burt's comment. "I will send a report of your conduct to General Otis." And he did. C. FRED ACKERMAN.

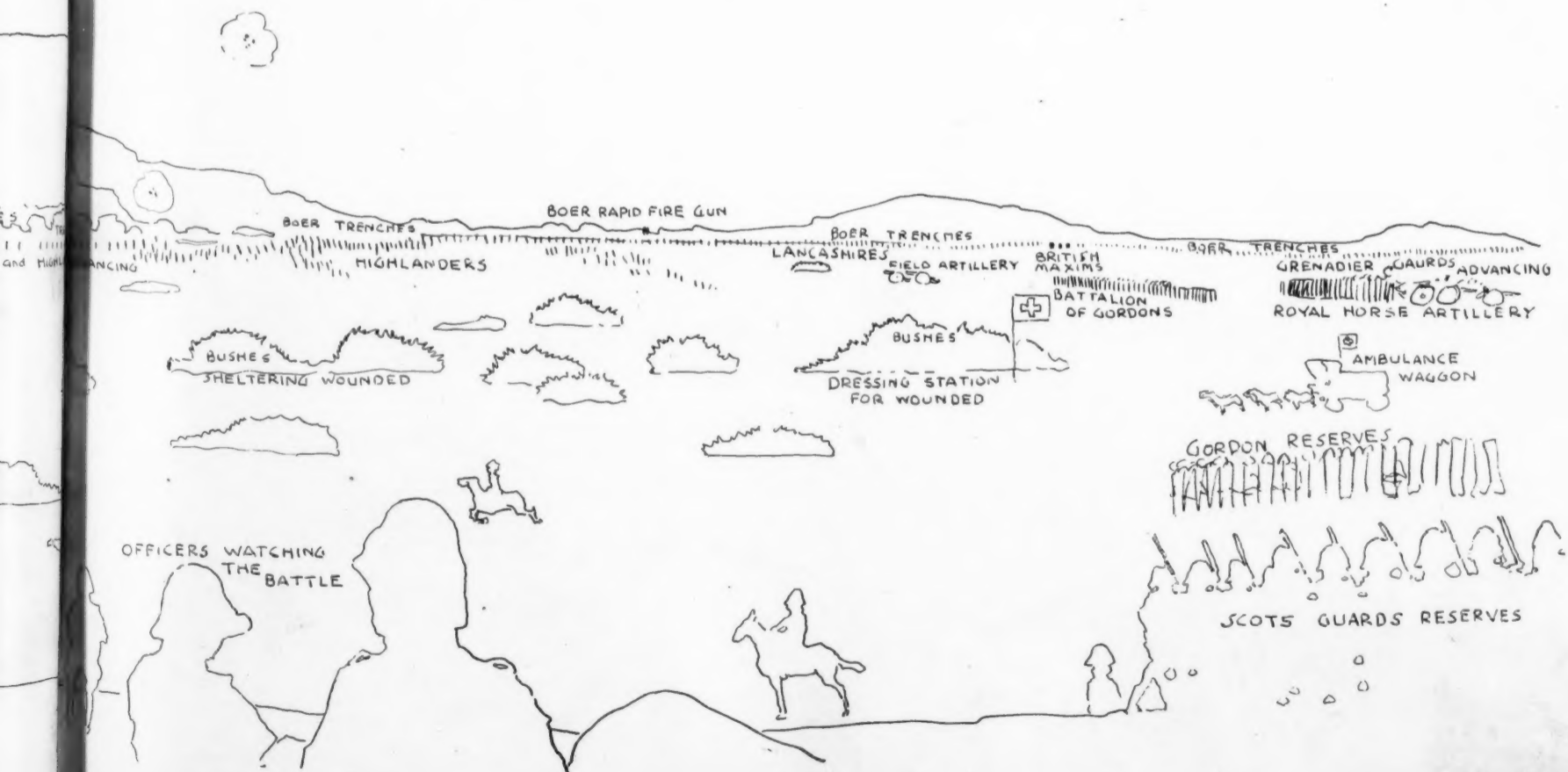
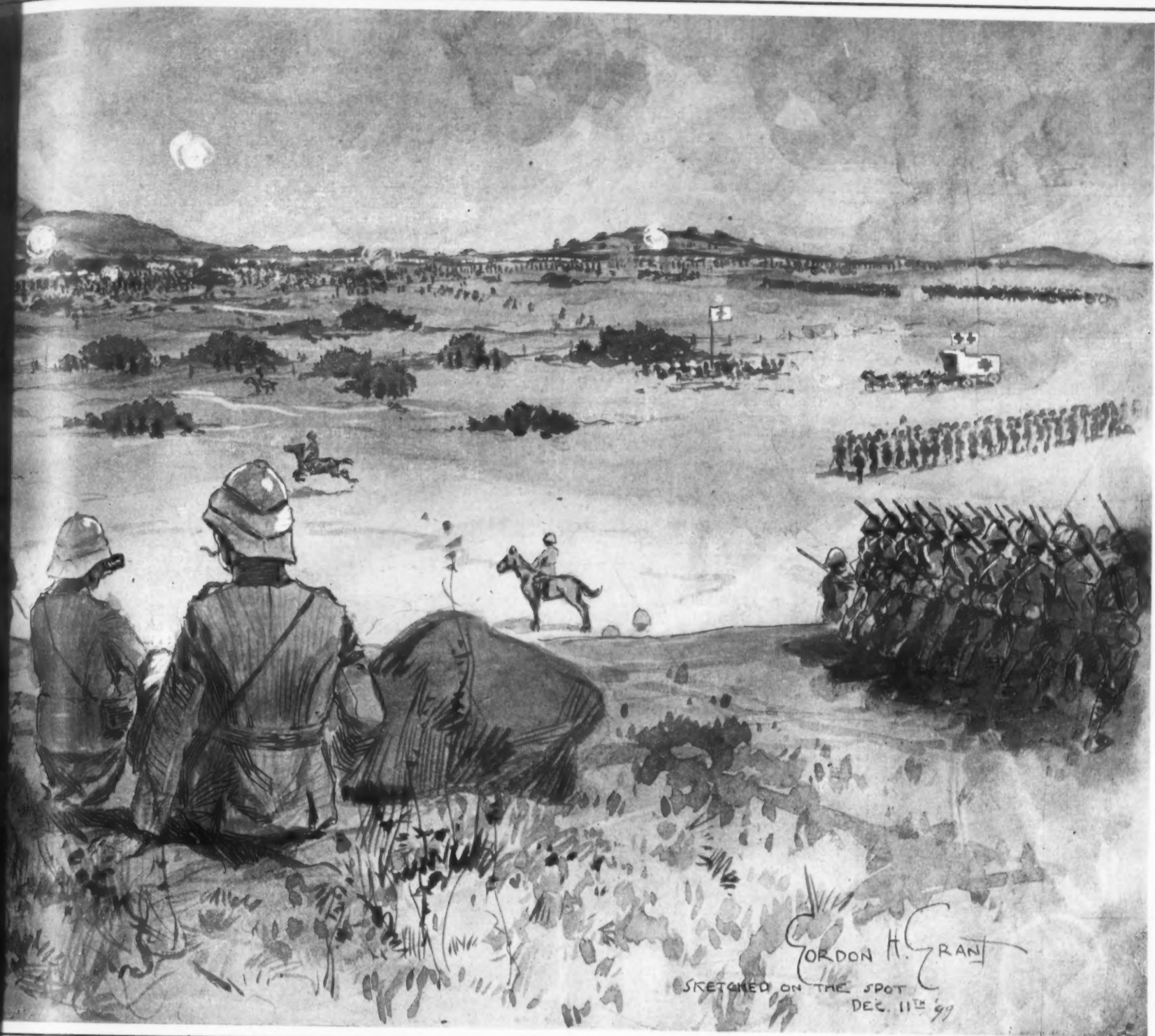
## Eight American Beauties.

HANDSOME prints on heavy paper, suitable for framing, of the "American Girl" series, which have been running through LESLIE'S WEEKLY, and which include the "Foot-ball," "Golf," "Sporting," "Yachting," "Summer," "Horsy," "Bicycle," and "Society Girl," are offered in portfolio form, inclosed in an envelope, the eight for 50 cents. Each picture is eleven and one half by nine inches in size, and suitable for framing, thus making a most acceptable holiday, birthday, or souvenir gift. Address LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.



## THE GREAT BATTLE AT MAGERSFONTEIN, WHERE THE ENGLISH SU

LORD METHUEN'S COLUMN OF BRITISH TROOPS, INCLUDING THE FAMOUS HIGHLAND BRIGADE, HAD A TWO-DAYS SANGUINARY CONFRONTATION WITH THE BOER



THE ENGLISH SUFFERED DEFEAT BEFORE KIMBERLEY, DECEMBER 11.

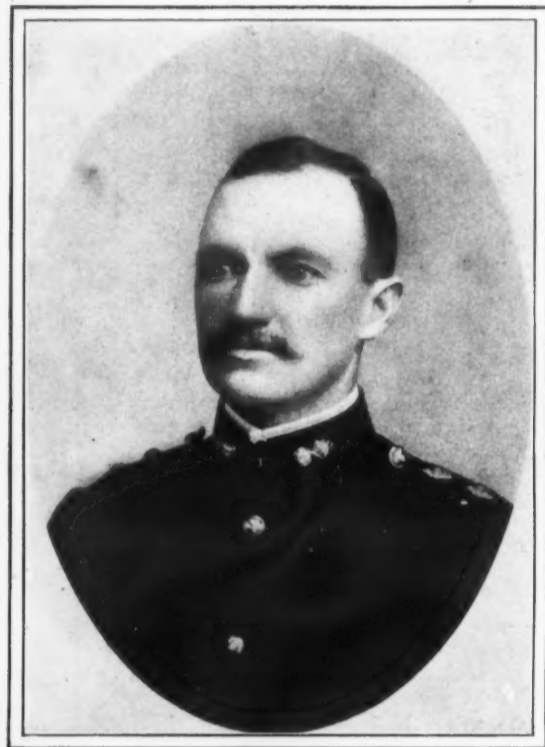
Y CONTINUED THE BOERS, IN WHICH THE ENGLISH LOST HEAVILY.—SKETCHED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN SOUTH AFRICA, GORDON H. GRANT.

## A DOOMED SOLDIER'S THRILLING STORY.

CAPTAIN HENSLEY, OF THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS, WHO LED HIS MEN UP TALANA HILL, DESCRIBES THAT THRILLING ACTION—HE HAS SINCE FALLEN IN BATTLE, A VICTIM OF THE BOER SHARPSHOOTERS.

CAPTAIN C. A. HENSLEY, of the second battalion, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who was shot through the forehead and instantly killed in action on the Tugela River on January 19th, had near relatives in New York City, who received from him, almost simultaneously with the news of his death, a letter describing most vividly the battle of Talana Hill, overlooking Dundee. Captain Hensley's father, Albert Hensley, Esq., is a resident of Halifax, Nova Scotia; his grandfather was Captain Hensley, Royal Navy. For the past three years his regiment has been stationed at Pietermaritzburg. He was just thirty years of age and was considered one of the finest shots in the British army. Captain Hensley writes of the early morning alarm:

"As it was fairly light then, Renny, one of our youngsters, who was looking through a glass, spotted a lot of men on the top of Talana, 4,100 yards from our camp. We argued about their being Boers, and I said to Bird, our commanding officer, 'The first thing we know will be the sing of a shell into camp.' I had hardly got the words out of my mouth when a puff of smoke came from the side of the hill and a shell burst on the road about 1,000 yards short. Bang, came another, right into camp this time, but hurt no one. It must have been a funny sight as we all ducked; at least I know that I did. . . . I gave my company the order to double out and lie down away from the tents, as they served as targets to the enemy.



CAPTAIN HENSLEY, KILLED IN SOUTH AFRICA.—From a photograph taken in Pietermaritzburg and copied by Gavin & Gentzel, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"The shells were coming in pretty thick then. No sooner had I done this than every company in the battalion did the same, which was, of course, worse than being near the tents, so I moved again. I have found that in the time of fight where one goes the rest will follow, just like a flock of sheep. . . . Old Father Murphy came rushing out of his tent, and the plucky old chap came along with us until a lot of wounded were brought back, when he helped to look after them. Well, our guns answered back in fifteen minutes, and we got into a river-bed parallel to the Boers' position and about 1,200 yards from it. The shooting was magnificent. A shell from one of our guns burst just under a Creusot gun—I happened to be looking that way through my glasses at the time—and it seemed to rear right up on its trail and turn over backward. The Boers had a Maxim-Nordenfeldt, which the men called the barking gun, as it sounds just like a dog. The Boers had eight guns on the top of Talana, which is from 800 to 1,000 feet high, and they enfiladed us from another hill, about 1,000 yards off, with a couple of Maxims. At 7:25 A. M. the order came, 'The infantry will advance. Dublins will form the firing-line, and will cover the front with a cloud of skirmishers.'

"It was then that the training of our men told, and showed that we had not been dinnin into the men's ears for two and a half years for nothing; that they must advance in open formation, take advantage of all cover, and fire independently when they could see anything to fire at. Our men would get up one at a time and rush across the open, never two together, get cover behind a stone or in a nullah, the officers, of course, going first. I saw the Eighty-seventh and the Sixtieth advance several times a whole section at a time; this doesn't do against shots like the Boers. Our officers, too, left their swords in camp and carried rifles and fired with the men.

"Mine was one of the leading companies. As soon as we came out of the river the bullets began to buzz. We had a green field, 400 yards across, as open and flat as a cricket-patch, to march over before we could get any cover. Half-way across was a barbed-wire fence, and the Boers had got the range of that and made things pretty hot. We had to cut the wire. I

had a small pair of cutters, and was stooping down trying to cut the wire, my color-sergeant standing just behind me, holding it steady, when a bullet went over my back and killed him, poor chap. At the same time a bullet hit the toe of my boot, and another man dropped close by. So I made them all climb over the top, and then we went at a steady double to the edge of the wood, 200 yards, where there was another wire fence with a small stone wall on the far side.

"We lay under this wall for five minutes. The man on my right was shot through the neck, and the bullets went whizzing all about us. When we found it was the beastly hill that was enfilading us we made a rush through the wood, and it was most weird hearing the bullets zipping through the leaves of the trees. On the far side of the wood was another low stone wall, and we lined that and opened fire for the first time at 600 or 700 yards. We remained there for some time, and then the word came to advance.

"I was the left company and two lines of advance were on the left by a nullah and on the right a stone wall, which protected them from the Maxim on the right hill; so most of the ground was dead from the top of the hill. The wall was three feet high and ran parallel to the Boer position about 100 yards from it. Our men on the right formed up under cover of the wall. We who had the bad luck to get under the nullah had a hard time of it; it proved a regular death-trap. The Boers had evidently thought it would prove one of the points of our attack and had told off their crack shots, the Middleburgh burghers, to watch it. When anybody showed himself for a second, the bullets fairly sang about him. The cover was only effective when one lay flat on his stomach. We made rushes, one at a time, from one little side nullah to another. I had made a run forward and, a minute after, Perrean, one of our subs, came up. The artillery were giving them beans on the top, and Perrean said: 'We are giving them Majuba to-day,' when whizz came a bullet just past my head, over my right shoulder. I thought I was hit and put my hand up and at the same time I heard a thud and Perrean staggered back, saying, 'My God, they've got me!' He had been shot right through the left shoulder, but afterward it proved to be a clean wound and not very serious. He was very plucky about it and said, 'I wish they had left me alone till I got to the top.' I had to go on, at once, to make room for more men.

"It was suicide to attempt to cross the open in the face of that awful hail of bullets. Just to show you what the fire was like, I made a man put his helmet in the grass, which was two or three inches high, on the edge of the nullah; before it had been there three minutes there was a hole in it.

"Towards noon it began to rain. We of course only had on our khaki, which soon got wet. We had had nothing to eat that day; there were a lot of wounded men and a few dead lying about; we could neither advance nor go back.

"We could see the others getting ready for something. Then, at the wall, a lot of men, led by Dibblee, one of our captains, made a mad rush over the wall for the hill. It was a plucky thing, but absolutely useless; it was impossible to charge up a perpendicular cliff, as we found it afterward, and they had to come back. Lowndes, our adjutant, who followed Dibblee, was shot in the leg and had it broken, and has had to have it off, I'm afraid. Dibblee was shot under the eye and the bullet came out behind his ear; it looked a ghastly wound, but he was doing well when he left Dundee.

"I ought to tell you of one magnificent bit of pluck on the part of the Boers, the most conspicuous I have seen them show. As I told you, our men were under cover behind the wall, and when they climbed over they had to cross a space of about fifteen yards before they got under cover of the cliff. As they came over the wall, eight Boers in waterproofs, which blew about like flags, stood up on the sky-line, regardless or perhaps in contempt of our rifle fire (remembering '81), and fired down at our chaps as one would at a rabbit bolting down hill. Five of them went down almost at once. Of course we had to be cautious for fear of hitting our own men, but the remaining three seemed to bear a charmed life; yet they, too, went down, shot, in time.

"Our guns began tattoos; all I can say is I hope I shall never be under fire like that they poured into the top of that hill. I seized the opportunity to get up and run across to the next nullah, fifty yards on, followed by forty or fifty men. There were no shots fired at us from the top, which must have been a perfect hell, but they had a good old plug at us from the right hill. I made another rush and got under cover of the wall and walked up along it and joined the rest. Murray, the general's [Symons] aide-de-camp, came along and said to me:

"I am the only one left of the four who dined together last night.' Then he told me the general had been wounded in the stomach; Sherston, brigade major, shot dead, and Colonel Beckett, chief of staff, was lying wounded over the wall. Then he said, 'Let's see if we can't get to the top.' We scrambled over the wall, followed by some sixty or seventy men, but as we got under the cliff there was a cry: 'Come back, come back; the guns are going to shell the position.'

"You bet we ran for the wall again. Of course there was a lot of wounded lying outside the wall, and these we tried to get to cover. I found a poor chap of the Eighty-seventh, Connor, the adjutant, lying, hit in three places, and it took four of us to carry him down to a place of safety, as he weighed fourteen stone. Poor chap, he died next day. It proved to be a false alarm, as the guns opened to the right and left of us. Colonel Carlton called out 'Who's for the top?' and, of course, there were shouts of 'Rifles! Eighty-seventh! Dublins!' and away we went, all mixed up, for the top, which proved to be absolutely forsaken except by dead and wounded Boers. But they were still firing from the right hill; a few volleys stopped that. The top was strewn with kits, rifles, ammunition, etc., and the rocks splashed with blood. We advanced to the edge of the hill, at the back, and there, below us, on the run, was one solid

block of men and horses, 1,500 yards away—at least 5,000 of them, I thought.

"At five we found at the edge of the town a cart with bully beef and biscuit waiting for us, and what people were left came out with water, brandy, and whiskey.

"We marched to camp, wet to the skin, tired, hungry, and sadder than we had been in all our lives. I, personally, at least. All the good chaps gone with whom we had been chaffing that morning—poor Weldon, with whom I shared a tent, killed; George, a boy of twenty-one, died that evening; three others badly wounded; Sherston, my old instructor, shot dead; five of the Rifles and two of the Fusiliers dead, to say nothing of all the others killed and wounded—and our general dying! But one can't help feeling elated a bit at the thought that 2,500 of us drove 5,000 of them—7,000, some said—out of an almost impregnable position. Our losses that day in our regiment alone were nine officers and 105 non-commissioned officers and men. We killed, as far as we could make out, 200 and wounded another 300. I must say, honestly, I don't like big battles, and every one's nerves after nine and a half hours of constant fighting were all in pieces. If any one dropped a knife, it was a volley; if a plate, a salvo. But that night, in spite of wet blankets, nerves and all, oh, how I did sleep!"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, one of the oldest regiments in the British Army, has not seen active service since the Indian Mutiny until now. Its record in South Africa bids fair to rival the distinguished services it rendered in India under the famous General Neil. The Fusiliers date back to 1661, when the regiment was raised as the First Bombay European Infantry. In 1843 it took the name Fusiliers, and in 1881, its regimental depot being established at Naas, near Dublin, the regiment became known as the Dublin Fusiliers. Its motto is "Spectamus agendo," which may be freely rendered: "Just watch us at work." Its insignia are the royal tiger and elephant.

### Song of the Men of '76.

Men of the Santee and men of the Charles,  
Men of the Schuylkill and men of the James,  
Sons of such sires were not cowards or carles,  
Sons of such sires had not faltering aims!  
Feared ye the good cause of liberty fell,  
Born in such promise and nurtured so well?  
See, Saratoga hath broken the spell!  
Patriots, rally from field and from forge!  
Down with all tyrants, and death to King George!

Now shall we stand with the nations of earth,  
Caring no whit for the bauble renown;  
Only the rights of the home and the hearth,  
Only release from the thrall of a crown!  
Cheers for yon banner—the flag is our own!  
Mark where its folds on the breezes are blown,  
Waving for freedom, and not for a throne!  
Patriots, rally from field and from forge!  
Down with all tyrants, and death to King George!

Small were our faith should we palter or quail;  
On let us march with the men of the van!  
How, with a leader like ours, can we fail,  
Brave as a soldier and great as a man?  
And as we drive every foe to the sea,  
Sworn to be faithful and sworn to be free,  
This for our song and its burden shall be—  
Patriots, rally from field and from forge!  
Down with all tyrants, and death to King George!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### The Drama in New York.

"GET Your Money's Worth" would be a better name than "Broadway to Tokio" for the new play at the popular New York Theatre. This lively entertainment begins at eight o'clock and continues at full tilt until midnight. It is a spectacular performance which serves as a convenient setting for a vaudeville entertainment of a most amusing kind. It is in three acts, with six scenes, and was written by Louis Harrison and George V. Hobart, with sprightly music by A. B. Sloane and Reginald de Koven, and with the ballets arranged by Carl Marwig. Miss



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM AS "JOHN HINDS," SHOWING HIS CARD TRICK TO THE GAMBLER, IN THE POPULAR PLAY, "BROTHER OFFICERS," AT THE EMPIRE.

Fay Templeton, whose vivacity is only equaled by her vitality, is the heroine of the fantasy, and appears in the well-worn character of *Cleopatra*, "the serpent of the Nile." She has lost much of the litherness of youth and something of the loveliness that dazzled numerous admirers on the occasion of her first appearance. But she is still full of animal spirits, and does a great deal of hard work with ease and good nature. Otis Harlan, as the operatic manager, sings several songs very well, but seems to be out of place in a spectacular performance. Joe Ott, as the Mormon elder, with a numerous retinue of wives; Joseph Sparks, the raw Irish comedian; Ignacio Martinetti, in a droll French character; Josie Sadler, Alice Judson, Christine Bless-

ing, Nick Long, and Idalene Cotton are a creditable part of the pretty heavy cast. The scenery is elaborate and beautiful, much of it dazzling. The firefly ballet, with the aid of ingenious electric-light devices, is one of the most unique features of what is, in all, a very unique performance.

Anything in which love plays the principal part has a supreme attraction for a certain large class of theatre-goers, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, that "The Surprises of Love," recently produced at the Lyceum, was met with much expectation of delight. While this expectation was disappointed, in a measure, it must be admitted that the play is interesting and to some extent amusing, although it is not quite up to the standard of the usual Lyceum Theatre attractions. Miss De Wolfe, as the widow, about which the interest of the play centres, is graceful and refined. Her support by Mr. Reeves-Smith and Olive May is good. The public is a little tired of the Earl of Yarmouth. He has no claims to a place in the Lyceum company, and has worn his welcome out long ago.

The reception that "The Belle of New York," with Edna May billed as the principal attraction, has received at the Casino was just what might have been expected. It received its best welcome not from those who had not seen it, but from those who had enjoyed it during its long run before at the Casino. Mr. Lederer evidently believes in sticking to a good thing. Miss May was warmly welcomed, but she is a little too subdued to be fully appreciated. Miss Toby Claude, the petite little *Fil*, carries off a good share of the honors. The cast is strong in other parts, and of the play itself I can only repeat that it is a good thing of its kind. JASON.

## Going to the War in South Africa.

MILITARY sights and sounds are, of course, no novelty in Halifax, Nova Scotia, nevertheless the old garrison city is greatly excited over the honor of being the port of embarkation for the second contingent of Canadian volunteers for South Africa. Three troop-ships will be needed to carry the men and their horses. The last of these cannot be ready till the middle of February, but the *Laurentian* has already set sail with two batteries of artillery and a few mounted policemen.

The second call for volunteers brought three times as many offers of service as could be accepted, and the chosen men represent every part of the dominion. Some of the men sleep in the armories, but many of the troopers and all the horses are quartered on the exhibition-grounds. With the exception of the Northwest policemen and cowboys, most of the men are drawn from the militia regiments of the different provinces. At first there was a picturesque variety in their uniforms, but ultimately the red coats of the Winnipeg Dragoons, the gorgeous tunics of the New Brunswick Hussars, and the fawn-colored jackets and broad-brimmed felt hats of the mounted policemen have to give way to a plain dark uniform with white facings, which is to be worn on the voyage. Lighter suits of the peculiar dried-grass hue known as *khaki* have also been served out.

During their stay in Halifax the men have been kept busy with drilling and other military duties. Many of the horses need much training, and lively scenes frequently take place on the exhibition race-course, in which the leading part is played by certain rough-coated broncos, with propensities for buck-jumping and other uncanny tricks.

The citizens are eager to show their good will to their guests. On the evening before the departure of the *Laurentian* a reception and smoking concert was held in the armories. The building was decorated with flags, mottoes, and festoons of red, white and blue, unlimited quantities of tobacco were supplied, and the departing heroes were entertained with patriotic songs and speeches and inspiring military music. Regardless of the smoke, many ladies were present.

Next morning, in spite of a thick fog, crowds lined the streets for hours, waiting to see the soldiers pass. As they went on board the transport there was a wild outburst of cheers. It was now pouring with rain, but several small steamers put out to see the troops a little way on their long journey. The storm was so fierce, however, that the *Laurentian* had to spend the night in the harbor. Just before the convoy turned back, a number of oranges were flung on board the troop-ship, and the soldiers scrambled for them, like children, on the wet decks. Then some one began to sing "God save the Queen," and while the loyal strains of the British national anthem were still ringing over the water the soldiers waved their friends their last farewell. E. P. W.

## The Lamented Hero.

THE PRIVATE CEREMONY OVER GENERAL LAWTON'S REMAINS.  
(From our Special Correspondent.)

MANILA, Friday, December 22d, 1899.—A beautiful girl in white stood in the court-yard waiting while the sentries cut great sprays of scarlet blossoms. An older lady, whose face was worn and sad, joined her, and a gentleman who came in helped the sentries to gather the flowers. The sun fell softly on this garden scene, and the passer-by might have thought that a feast was preparing; but those who were there knew that it was a feast for the dead.

Above, where the sunlight streamed through the open windows into a bare chamber, lay the noble form of a dead hero. On a simple bed, wrapped in the flag for which he fought and died, the head resting easily on a pillow, the long, gaunt figure stretched to its full, lay the body of the general. Outside, on the broad landing, a sentry barred the way. That silent chamber opened only to those who loved him well and to that little band of brave men who had loyally followed him in the field.

Silently they filed in to look their last upon that noble face, and then one by one they tiptoed out and stood apart, not daring to raise their eyes or speak a word, shaken with silent grief and with heads bowed. I walked up to one grim veteran, a friend, and spoke a word. But he looked at me with vacant eyes. I saw that his shoulders were shaking as when a woman cries, and I stood back in dumb respect. And then a whisper went round, "Let us go outside a minute!" But before all of

us had gone a brave little woman, supported by her loyal friend, came haltingly down the staircase. The sentry opened the door and stood up hard and straight. The woman was conquered, and the soldier's wife, with firm step, walked bravely in to face the dead. Her loyal friend, a colonel's wife, moved softly in and closed the door. It is not for one to think what passed within that silent chamber; such scenes are not for men—they are for the Eternal.

Up to the great room above, the heavy casket was borne and placed upon a stand. Wreaths of tropical flowers were laid upon the lid, while boughs and blossoms were strewn around the base. And then a company of people came and stood around the great, dimly-lighted room. Three times I saw a general's stars and once the insignia of an admiral. Soldiers' wives and daughters were there, and each one saw in the figure heavily shrouded in deepest black just how a noble soldier's wife will bear a burden for her country's sake.

The service over, all withdrew but the staff. They raised the casket and bore it heavily to the caisson, drawn by six artillery horses. And then the dead general, escorted by his favorite Fourth Cavalry, was taken to the Paco Cemetery and laid in a small chapel before the altar.

The grand old flag—a soiled white with a dull red "8"—that had waved proudly where the shrieking lead flew thickest, hung silently among the flowers, drooping in mute respect for its dead companion.

The general's widow was led away gently by her friend. As I left I saw a colonel standing bareheaded, looking at the flag. They were not strangers, for he had followed it in the field.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

## Advice for Money-makers.

A SHORT interest is always the basis for a rise in the market, and this short interest gives the bull leaders now and then an opportunity to start on a new campaign. It enabled the manipulators of Leather common to magnify its value four or five times. This opportunity may come in other directions, and if (which hardly seems probable at this time) money should become permanently easier, and if foreign nations should give up some of their gold—which is also quite improbable—a bull movement for a short campaign might get some headway. The conspicuous absence of a leader on the bull side, and the fact that most of the large operators who are unconnected with cliques or pools are inclined to the bear side, handicaps a bull movement.

In Wall Street the market has been almost at a standstill on some days recently, and not one-tenth of the business is being done that was done a year ago. Stagnation in Wall Street, if it is followed, as seems likely, by stagnation in the iron and other leading industries, will tend to make money more plentiful, and the effect on the stock market will be to strengthen gilt-edged securities. This accounts for the demand for high-priced bonds and stocks. Investment money is seeking these and leaving others alone. Yet I cannot help but feel that there are good bargains in some of the industrial preferred stocks paying six and seven per cent. dividends and selling, in many instances, below par.

"X. T. K." Charleston, S. C.: Watson & Gibson, 55 Broadway, New York.

"C. H. W." New Orleans: None of the parties you mention has any rating with the commercial agencies.

"A. Constant Reader." Philadelphia: The copper company referred to has no rating with the commercial agencies, so far as I can ascertain.

"E." Titusville, Pa.: I cannot advise investment in the copper stock referred to. I am unable to obtain sufficient facts to justify its endorsement.

"B." Stratford, Conn.: It is difficult to obtain the information you seek about the Kansas City, Watkins and Gulf Railroad Company. You might communicate with some banker in Lawrence, Kan., where the transfer office used to be.

"Interested." Philadelphia: I have not advised the purchase of any of the electric vehicle stocks for investment. They are mostly speculative and therefore speculative, though I do not say that some of them may not have intrinsic value.

"390." New York: American Car and Foundry Company preferred looks reasonable at 60, but there is no doubt that this concern is very largely overcapitalized. I therefore do not regard it in any sense as an investment and am not advising its purchase.

"C. L. G." Pittsburg, Penn.: Missouri Pacific in preference to the others. (2) Where the stock is not mentioned, the common is meant. (3) Am afraid of Sugar while the war is on. Believe in Metropolitan for a long pull. Manhattan, too, ought to have a permanent value. Lead common is a good speculative industrial.

"J. B." Dallas, Texas: The best among those you mention for a short turn are the Wabash debentures, Chesapeake and Ohio, and Reading first preferred. (2) Linseed Oil preferred, American Ice common, Glucose common, and Lead common, are good speculative industrials. Some of the steel stocks, Pressed Steel Car and National Tube common, are doing well.

"H." Mobile, Ala.: Mobile and Ohio stock sells now for but little more than it sold a year ago. The road has a value which may lead to its absorption in time by some large connecting route. It paid a dividend of one per cent. about a year ago. The stock is not active, and therefore is not a speculative favorite. I would hardly advise the purchase of it under the circumstances.

"J." Memphis, Tenn.: I do not advise regarding anything outside the stock market. If the British war continues, many expect to see a stronger wheat market. (2) A young man with small capital ought not to speculate in Wall Street, especially at such a time, when the market is largely in the hands of traders. If you do anything, pay for what you buy and be satisfied with a smaller profit and a smaller risk.

"Promoter." Philadelphia: Liquidation in the New York traction stocks has not been completed. The serious decline in the Third Avenue is evidence of that fact. The disclosure that this system had a floating debt nearly four times as large as its bonded debt, and that large holders of the stock were seriously embarrassed shows the dangers that attend the purchase of high-priced securities about which little is known on the outside. It would not surprise me if there were to be liquidation in some other stocks of this kind in Philadelphia as well as New York. JASPER.

## Life-insurance—Strong Companies.

If the holders of memberships in the numerous assessment companies will send to President John A. Hall, of the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company, at Springfield, Mass., and ask for a copy of the very handsome little booklet he has just issued, containing the interesting forty-eighth annual statement of this prosperous old company, they will find something well worth reading. The most important lesson it will teach is the fact that this, like all the other strong old-line companies, pays dividends to its policy-holders, while the assessment companies, from time to time, are levying additional burdens in the shape of extra assessments. Last year, the Massachusetts Mutual Life returned to its policy holders nearly \$620,000 in dividends, or over \$2,000 during every secular day, while the total payments to members or their representatives, in surplus, death, and endowment claims, and for surrendered policies, aggregated over \$2,616,000. The Massachusetts Mutual is one of the oldest of the

strong American companies, having been incorporated in 1851. Last year it issued 9,124 new policies, representing an aggregate insurance of over \$19,500,000, and the amount of new insurance paid for was nearly a million and a half more than in the previous year. The company showed the largest gain in its business that it has made in any year since 1892, and reports a total income during 1899 of \$5,387,000; payments of \$3,736,000; and a balance added to the net assets of \$1,650,000—making the gross assets nearly \$24,000,000, and a surplus of nearly \$2,000,000. The little booklet of President Hall gives in detail the receipts and expenditures, and shows exactly how the funds of the policy-holders are invested in the choicest securities. It is a most creditable document.

Another annual statement, to which I call the special attention of the readers of this column, is that which has been issued by President Henry B. Stokes, of the Manhattan Life, a synopsis of which appears elsewhere in this issue. This organization has paid to its policy-holders thus far during its existence \$45,300,000, and its annual statement just issued shows an increase in assets, surplus, reserve, insurance in force, new insurance, and in payments to its policy-holders. It is significant that of the \$1,953,000 received in premiums, the policy-holders received over \$1,651,000, which is an unusually large proportion. The total income of the Manhattan Life last year was \$2,707,000 and its disbursements \$2,369,000, leaving a very substantial surplus, which, added to that on hand, made the total at the end of last year the very gratifying amount of \$1,626,000. The assets of the Manhattan Life have reached the enormous aggregate of nearly \$16,000,000, while its liabilities are only about \$14,000,000. I hope my readers will consider these figures, for they carry with them the proof of the company's prosperous condition at the close of the year. Every policy-holder in every insurance company should take time to read the digest of the annual statement of the companies in which he is insured, so that he may understand the condition of their business, which is obviously a part of his own business.

"Clergyman." Chicago, Ill.: I would advise you not to join the association. It cannot fulfill its promises.

"Minor." Minneapolis, Minn.: Policy abundantly protects your interests, as do all the policies of the Mutual Life and the other two great New York companies, the New York Life and the Equitable.

"J. S. G." Hackensack, N. J.: The Metropolitan Life, of New York, is a stock company, incorporated in 1856, and doing a very large and profitable business.

*The Hermit.*

## For Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received.

**Special Notice.**—Every photograph should be carefully and fully titled on the back, not only with a description of the picture, but also with the full name and address of the contestant, plainly written. Address "Amateur Photographic Contest, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York." Address carefully and do not confound LESLIE'S WEEKLY with *Leslie's Monthly*, as they are different publications, under different ownerships, and published at different places. Competitors, whether they fail or not, are entitled to try again as often as they please. No entry blanks required.

Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.

### A Wholesome Tonic.

#### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. S. L. WILLIAMS, Clarence, Iowa, says: "I have used it to grand effect in cases where a general tonic was needed. For a nerve tonic I think it the best I have ever used."

### The Highest Standard

of excellence is demanded from the beginning to the end of the production of the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—a system maintained for forty years. Never buy unknown brands.

## Bishop McCabe.

### THE FAMOUS MINISTER'S EXPERIENCE WITH COFFEE.

THE well-known bishop said to one of his friends, some years ago: "I was a great sufferer from severe headaches, and at times after traveling many miles to dedicate a church or perform some other important duty, found myself confined to a bed when the time came, and was unable to carry out my work. I finally discovered that when I left off coffee for a few days the headaches disappeared, and by further experiment, discovered that the coffee was undoubtedly the cause of the difficulty, which finally entirely disappeared when I left off coffee altogether."

The person to whom this remark was made is Mrs. Amy K. Glass, wife of a Methodist minister at Rolfe, Ia. She says: "My own experience with coffee was very convincing. I was grown up before I ever drank coffee, but was advised by a friend (who meant it kindly) to use weak tea and coffee, because a warm drink aided digestion. I soon thereafter commenced to have nervous and sick headaches; could not believe it was the coffee."

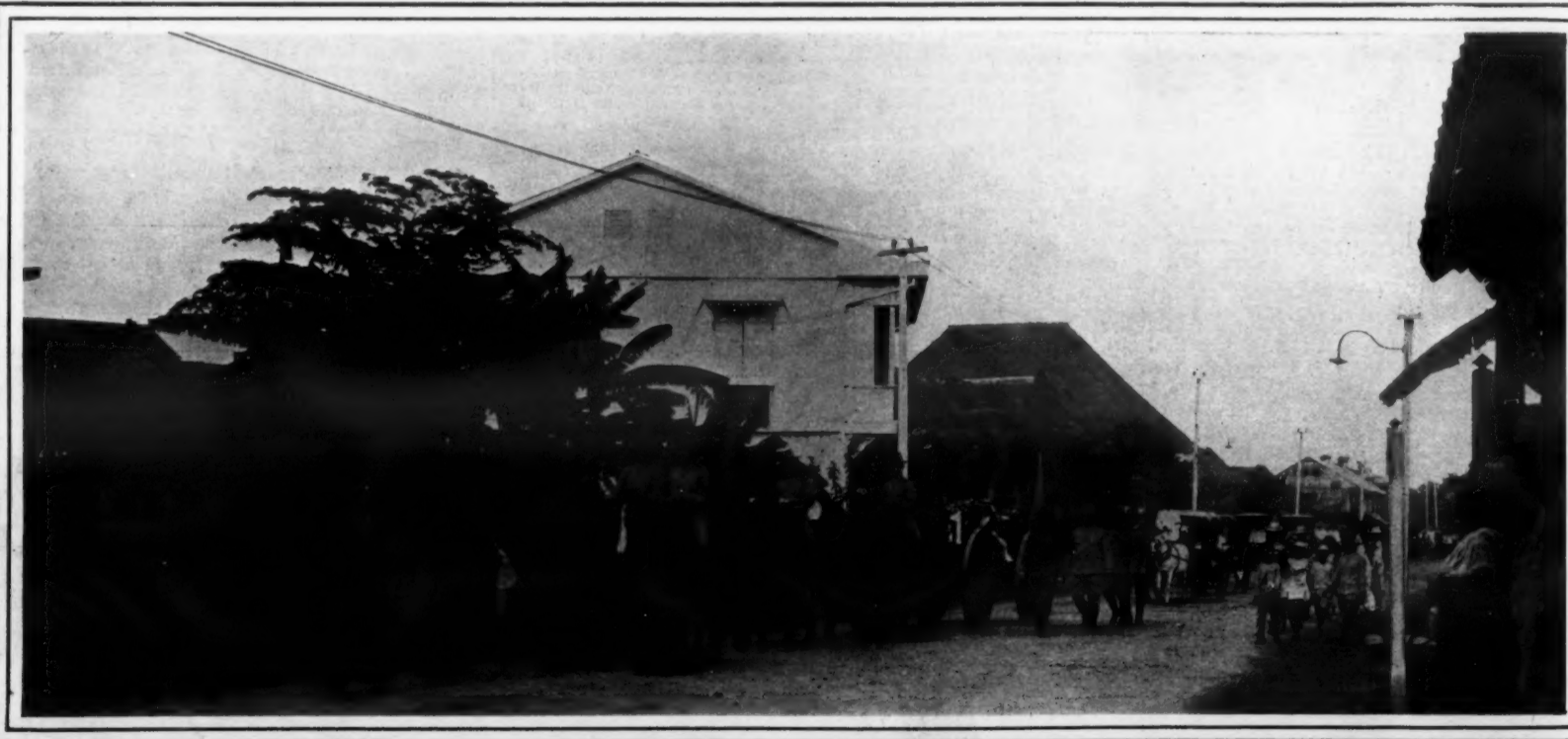
"My husband, who had suffered from dyspepsia while a young man in college, and found relief by leaving off coffee, often told me he was satisfied my headaches were caused by coffee, so I gave up the coffee and took up Postum Cereal Food Coffee. The change taught me in a most convincing manner that coffee was the cause of the headaches, but now I have an equally good coffee in Postum, and its health-giving properties are simply undeniable. Our little children use Postum regularly and go off to school as healthy and happy as children should. If ever husband or myself take a drink of weak coffee at an evening gathering or church social, we are kept awake until past the middle of the night. Yours for health."



GENERAL LAWTON'S FUNERAL AT MANILA—TROOP I, FOURTH CAVALRY (LAWTON'S OWN REGIMENT), HEADING THE PROCESSION, ON THE WAY TO PACO CEMETERY, DECEMBER 22D.—THIS TROOP FORMED LAWTON'S ESCORT IN HIS LAST FIGHT AT SAN MATEO.



TROOP I—THE BRONZED VETERANS OF TROOP I, FOURTH CAVALRY, WAITING FOR THE REMAINS OF THEIR LATE COMMANDER TO PASS.



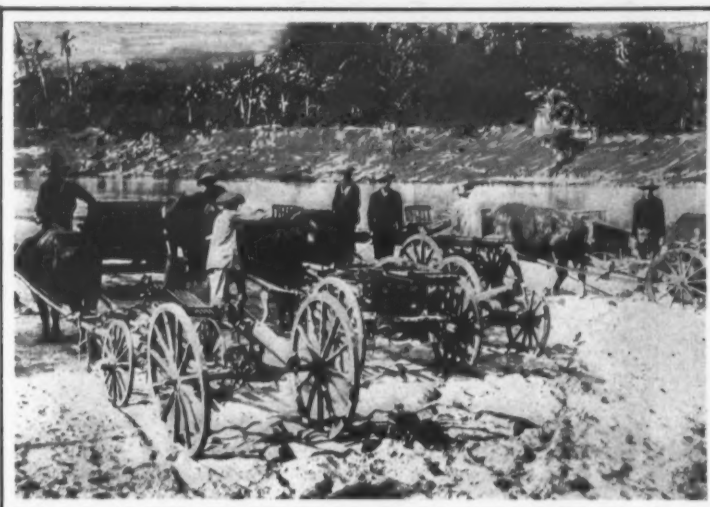
GENERAL LAWTON'S BODY BORNE ON AN ARTILLERY CAISSON TO PACO CEMETERY FOR TEMPORARY INTERMENT.

# THE PUBLIC FUNERAL OF THE NATION'S HERO, GENERAL LAWTON, AT MANILA.

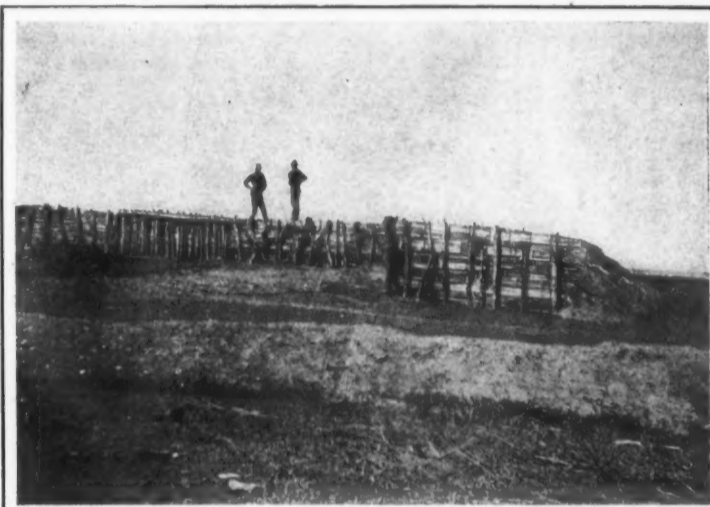
H.S. BODY IS BORNE TO THE GRAVE BY THE LOVING HANDS OF THE SOLDIERS WHO SO GALLANTLY FOLLOWED HIS FEARLESS AND FAITHFUL LEADERSHIP.—PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY CAPTAIN C. F. O'KEEFE, OFFICE OF CHIEF ENGINEER, MANILA.  
[SEE PAGE 111.]



THE SON AND MOTHER OF AGUINALDO, RECENTLY CAPTURED.  
C. FRED ACKERMAN, "LESLIE'S WEEKLY'S" CORRESPONDENT ON THE LEFT—[SEE HIS STORY ON PAGE 106.]



FILIPINO ARTILLERY CAPTURED BY COLONEL BELL.



FILIPINO TRENCHES AT SAN JACINTO, CAPTURED BY THE GALLANT THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.



OUTFIT OF THE AMERICAN MUTOSCOPE AND BIOGRAPH COMPANY LEAVING DAGUPAN FOR THE DANGEROUS JOURNEY TO CALESIAO.



AN EVERY-DAY SPECTACLE AT THE MANILA DEPOT—DEPARTURE OF THE MORNING TRAIN.



1. Doctor Libert, the Emperor's physician. 2. Countess Stolberg, Lady of Honor to the Empress. 3. Fräulein Gersdorff, Lady of Honor to the Empress. 4. Lady Mary Lyon. 5. Countess Mar & Kellie. 6. Miss Knollys. 7. His Excellency, Count Eulenberg, Chamberlain to the Emperor. 8. His Excellency, Count Bülow, Secretary of State of the German Empire. 9. Baron Eckhardstein. 10. Chevalier de Martino, marine painter to the Queen. 11. The German Emperor. 12. The German Empress. 13. The Princess of Wales. 14. The Duke of Cambridge. 15. The Prince of Wales. 16. The Duchess of York. 17. Princess Charles of Denmark. 18. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. 19. General Albert Williams. 20. The Duke of York. 21. Lady Farquhar. 22. Princess Victoria of Wales. 23. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein. 24. General Albert Williams. 25. The Duke of York. 26. Lady Farquhar. 27. Princess Victoria of Wales.

THE FAMOUS ROYAL GARDEN-PARTY HELD AT SANDRINGHAM RECENTLY.



## A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW

PANORAMA OF THE BLOODY THEATRE OF WAR WHERE ENGLAND'S TRAINED FORCES ARE MEETING  
 DRAWN FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY



- INDEX TO BIRD'S-EYE MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.
- Towns, etc., in Western Cape Colony and on Railroad from Cape Town to Kimberley and Mafeking.
1. Cape Town. 2. Simonstown. 3. Malmesbury. 4. Stellenbosch. 5. Somerset. 6. Caledon. 7. Breda'sburg. 8. Tulbagh. 9. Worcester. 10. Robertson. 11. Matjes Fm. 12. Laingsburg. 13. Beaufort West. 14. Murraysburg. 15. Victoria West. 16. Richmond. 17. De Aar Jn. 18. Philippstown. 19. Hopetown. 20. Belmont. 21. Modder River Bridge. 22. Magersfontein. 23. Spytfontein. 24. Beaconsfield. 25. Kimberley. 26. Barkly. 27. Warrenton. 28. Christiana. 29. Bloemhof. 30. Vryburg. 31. Mafeking.
- Towns, etc., in the Transvaal.
32. Klerksdorp. 33. Potchefstroom. 34. Rustenburg. 35. Krugersdorp. 36. Pretoria. 37. Pietersburg. 38. Johannesburg. 39. Heidelberg. 40. Vereeniging.
- Portuguese Territory.
41. Lorenzo Marques.
- Towns, etc., in the Orange Free State.
42. Heilbron. 43. Kroonstad. 44. Vier Fm. 45. Ventersburg. 46. Wynburg. 47. Brandfort. 48. Bloemfontein. 49. Bethany. 50. Fauresmith. 51. Trompsburg. 52. Philippolis. 53. Bethulie. 54. Smithfield. 55. Bethlehem. 56. Harrismith.
- Towns, etc., in Eastern Cape Colony and on Railroads from Port Elizabeth to Graaf Reinet, from Port Elizabeth to Free State, and from East London to Free State.
57. Uitenhage. 58. Jansenville. 59. Aberdeen. 60. Graaf Reinet. 61. Bathurst. 62. Grahamstown. 63. Somerset East. 64. Cradock. 65. Middleburg. 66. Steynsburg. 67. Nieuwpoort Jn. 68. Colesberg. 69. Norval's Pont. 70. East London. 71. King William's Town. 72. Stutterheim. 73. Cathcart. 74. Queenstown. 75. Molteno. 76. Stormberg Jn. 77. Gras Pans. 78. Dordrecht. 79. Burghersdorp. 80. Aliwal North.
- Towns, etc., in Natal.
81. Durban. 82. Pietermaritzburg. 83. Weston. 84. Eastcourt. 85. Greytown. 86. Colenso. 87. Ladysmith. 88. Elandslaagte. 89. Dundee. 90. Glencoe. 91. Newcastle. 92. Laing's Nek. 93. Majuba Hill. 94. Botha's Pass. 95. Muller's Pass. 96. Acton Homes. 97. Bezuidenhout's Pass. 98. Van Reenan's Pass. 99. Spion Kop. 100. Potgeiter's Drift. 101. Olivier's Hoek Pass.

BIRD'S-EYE MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA.

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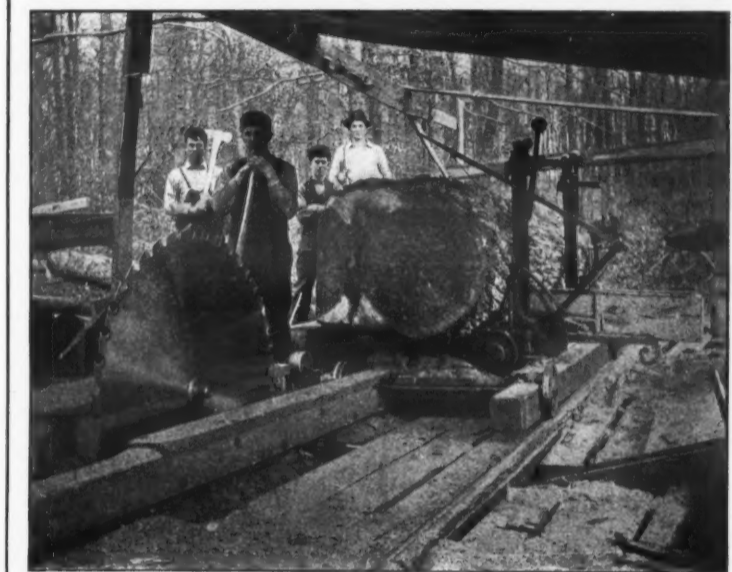
PACK-MULES OF THE SECOND WYOMING CAVALRY PASSING THROUGH JACKSONVILLE, FLA., IN JULY, 1898.  
*Frank D. Story, Jacksonville.*



HEAVY-WEIGHT FOWLS AT THE EASTPORT, N. Y., PHEASANTRY.—SEVERAL OF THE TURKEYS WEIGH FROM THIRTY TO FORTY POUNDS EACH.  
*Chester A. Pitney, aged fourteen, New York City.*



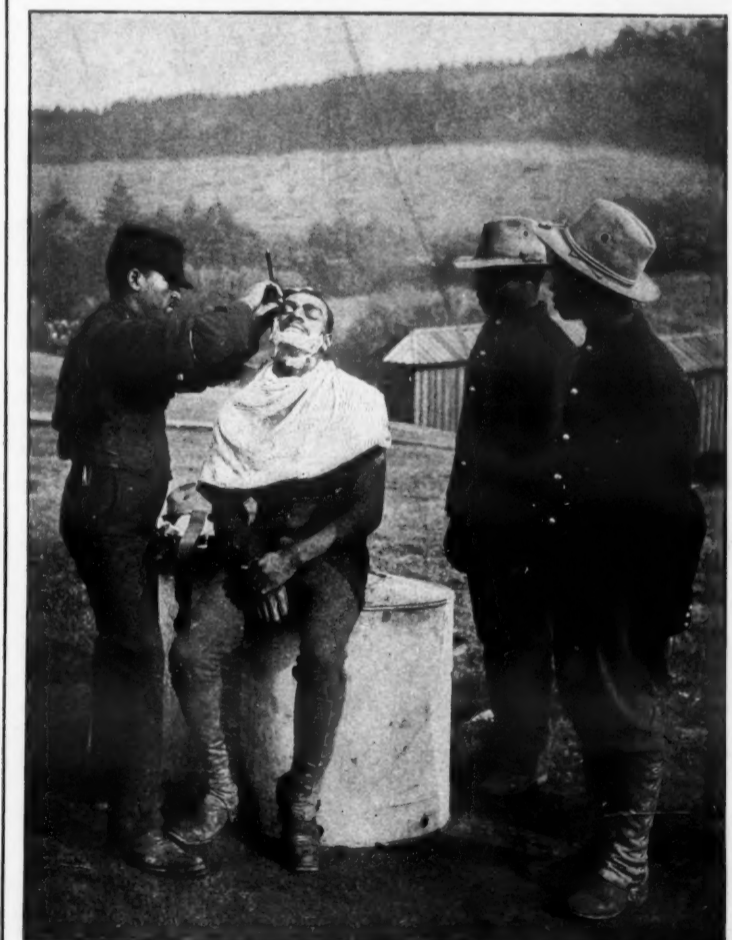
A BILL-BOARD BEAUTY.—*W. F. A. Kropff, Jr., New York.*



A FIVE-FOOT ELM LOG WAITING FOR THE SAW.—*George M. Staplin, aged twelve, Mannsville, N. Y.*



BURNING THE PLAGUE-INFECTED BUILDINGS CORNER OF KING AND KEKAULIKI STREETS, HAWAII, JANUARY 4TH.—*W. T. Monsarrat, V. S., Honolulu.*



REGIMENTAL BARBER-SHOP OF THE FORTY-EIGHTH UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS.  
*K. Weidner, San Francisco. (The prize-winner.)*

## OUR AMATEUR PRIZE PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST—CALIFORNIA WINS.

[SEE ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 111.]

## A PLATE of CLEAR SOUP

made from

**Armour's**  
Extract of **BEEF**



has its place at the beginning of every dinner for a reason, not a fad:

IT IS A VALUABLE APPETISER

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PHILADELPHIA  
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EXPOSITION  
1899

**\$1000 PRIZE CALENDAR OFFER:** The February design in colors (size 10x14) same as published in TRUTH, will be mailed to any address on receipt of metal cap from Extract of Beef Jar.

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was one of marked progress in the history of

## The Prudential

recording vast increases in all departments of the Company's business: Assets, Income, Surplus, Payments to Policy Holders. Policies in Force have been increased to over

**3,500,000**

and Insurance in Force increased to over

**\$500,000,000.00**

Life Insurance—Both Sexes—

Ages 1-70

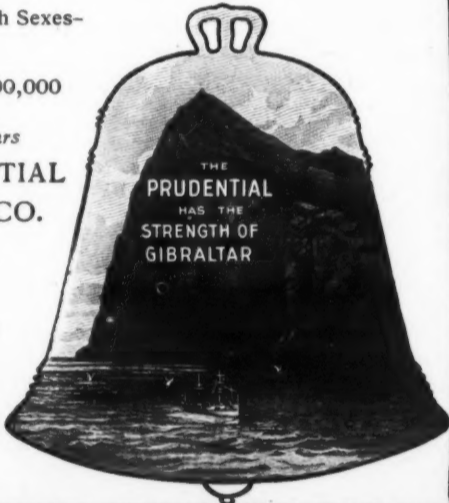
Amounts \$15 to \$100,000

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OF AMERICA

JOHN F. DRYDEN  
President

Home Office,  
NEWARK, N. J.



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PERTH, Scotland.  
LONDON, England.

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These Jugs are handsome specimens of the famous English Doulton Ware, and make a very attractive addition to the sideboard. They contain Dewar's Special Old Scotch Whisky, remarkable for Aroma, Purity, and the Mellowness which age alone can give, distilled from the finest malted Barley procurable. Send for Catalogue No. 9. Goods packed in unmarked cases.

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Sphinx Jug, \$2.00.

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JOY OF  
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OF SHAVERS



LATHER that's Big, and Thick, and Creamy; that will not dry on the face, and that will soften the beard and make easy work for the razor:

LATHER that's Soothing, Comforting, Refreshing. These qualities have made Williams' Shaving Soaps the favorites with generations of shavers, all over the world.

Williams' Shaving Soaps are sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

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Williams' Shaving Soap (Barber's), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40 cts. Exquisite also for toilet. Trial cake for 2-cent stamp.

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High-Grade Investment Securities.  
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If you could buy U. S. bonds on the instalment plan and have all unpaid instalments canceled at your death, you'd do it, of course. In effect you can do just that if you get a policy in the

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PHONES. EXCHANGE plan will interest you. If you own a machine, our RECORD. For particulars, address "The Graphophone Club," 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

WM BARKER CO. TROY, N.Y.  
LINEN COLLARS & CUFFS  
ARE THE BEST  
BUY THEM.

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## \$3 a Day Sure

Send us your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. 24, DETROIT, MICH.



Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat often results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. For relief in Throat troubles use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple yet effective remedy. Sold only in boxes.

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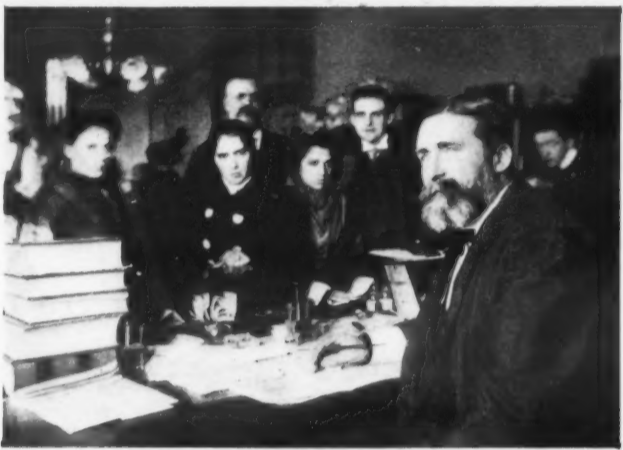
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Leghorn, Italy.  
Established 1836.



CHILDREN DESERTED BY THEIR FATHER IN A DESOLATE NEW YORK TENEMENT, WHILE THEIR MOTHER SEEKS WORK.



HUNGRY MEN WAITING FOR A MEAL AT ST. ANDREW'S MISSION.



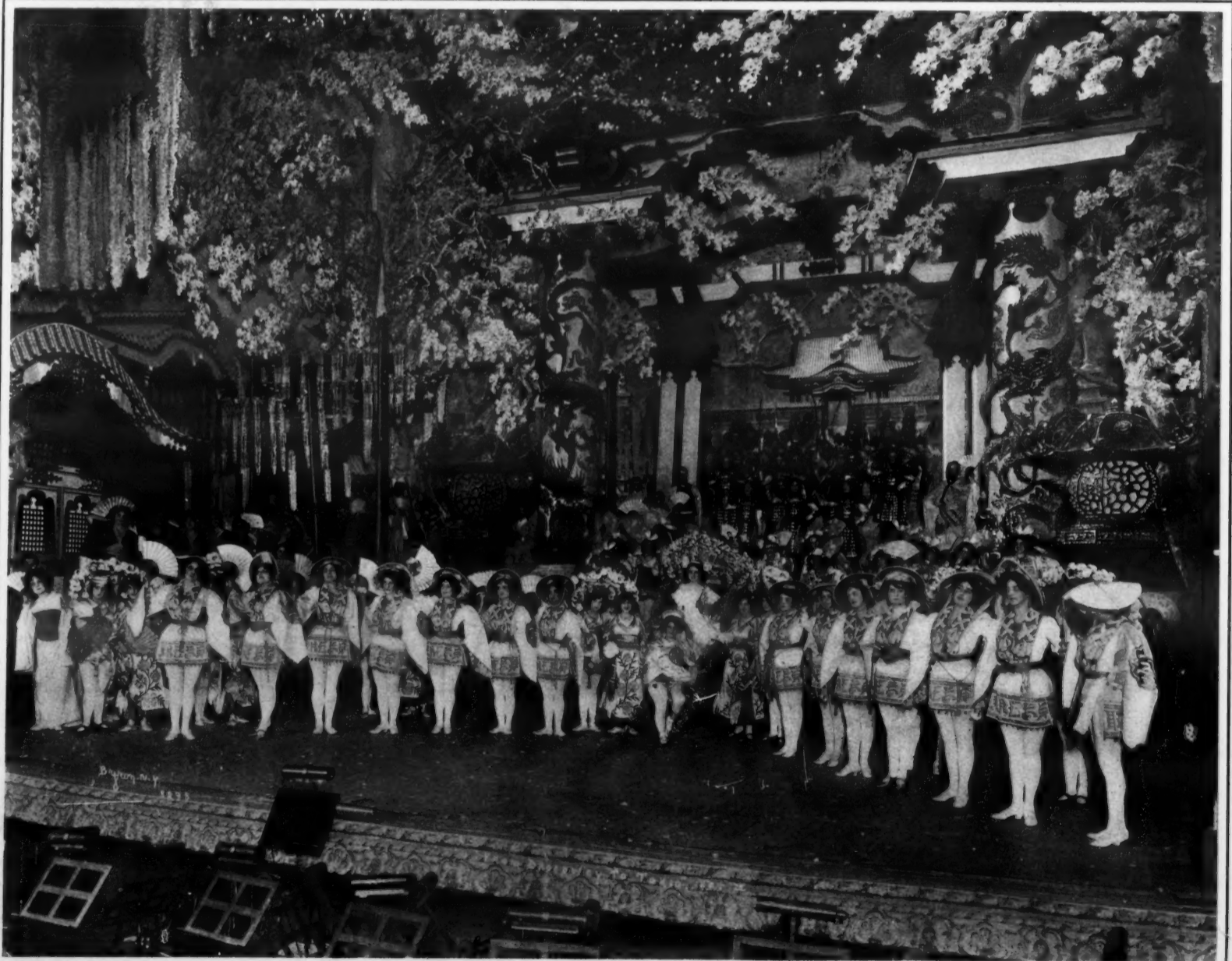
APPLICANTS FOR RELIEF BEFORE SUPERINTENDENT BLAIR, OF THE OUT-DOOR POOR DEPARTMENT.



THE HOMELESS APPLYING FOR ADMISSION TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

### AN ARMY OF THE POVERTY STRICKEN IN NEW YORK.

THE PRIVATIONS OF WINTER DRIVE THE HOMELESS, IN COUNTLESS NUMBERS, TO SEEK PUBLIC AID AND SUPPORT.  
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" BY A. B. PHELAN.—[SEE PAGE 107.]



THE ELABORATE AND DAZZLING JAPANESE SCENE IN "BROADWAY TO TOKIO," AT THE NEW YORK THEATRE.

**Delicious, wholesome,  
and not dear.**

When buying a tin of Van Houten's Chocolate Drops, or a similar tin of Van Houten's Chocolate Croquettes, the purchaser gets a splendid kind of Chocolate, in a convenient, edible form, and after it has been tried, the flavor is certain to be pronounced "Delicious!"

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Van Houten's Chocolate, of irreproachable composition, forms a splendid and delicious snack when on a pic-nic, a journey, or when out for a spin on the wheel.

Taking into consideration the quality of Van Houten's Chocolate, it is not dear.

**\$18 to \$35 Weekly**  
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For Our Liberal Proposition, New Plan, Proofs, etc., FREE.

**HE KNEW.**

COBWIGGER—"My boy, you don't know what trouble is."

Freddie—"What are you talking about, pa? You have only ma to mind, while I've to mind both of you."—Judge.

**MAGNIFICENT SERVICE TO THE WINTER RESORTS SOUTH.**

The Southern Railway for the season of 1900 has the most perfect service ever offered for the winter resorts of the South. The New York and Florida Limited, the finest train in the world, resumed service January 16th, and is operated daily, except Sunday, between New York and St. Augustine, leaving New York at 12:40 p.m., composed exclusively of dining, compartment, drawing-room, sleeping, library and observation cars, New York to St. Augustine, also carrying Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars, New York to Port Tampa, Aiken and Augusta. Connections are made at Jesup for Brunswick, and at Waycross for Thomasville, Ga., and Port Tampa for Key West and Havana. The New York and Florida Express leaves New York daily at 3:25 p.m. with Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars, New York to Jacksonville and Augusta with connections for Brunswick and Thomasville; dining-car service. Connection made at Jacksonville with Florida East Coast Railway for Palm Beach, Miami and Nassau. The Fast Mail leaves New York at 12:10 (night), Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars, New York to Savannah, Jacksonville and Miami, with connections for Key West and Havana; also for points on Plant System, west coast of Florida; dining-car service. For full particulars, sleeping-car reservations, etc., call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

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INCOME IN 1899.		DISBURSEMENTS IN 1899.	
Premiums . . . . .	\$1,952,975.25	Total payments to policy-holders.	\$1,651,122.08
Interest, rents and other receipts . . . . .	754,463.32	Other disbursements . . . . .	718,176.24
	<b>\$2,707,438.57</b>		<b>\$2,369,298.32</b>

**ASSETS, Dec. 31st, 1899, \$15,803,962.37.**

LIABILITIES.	
Reserve on policies in force . . . . .	\$13,961,201.00
All other liabilities . . . . .	216,020.12
Surplus, December 31st, 1899. . . . .	<b>\$1,626,741.25</b>

**TOTAL PAID POLICY-HOLDERS SINCE ORGANIZATION . . . . . Over \$45,300,000.00**

**The Above Statement Shows an Increase in Every Account.**

Increase in Assets,	Increase in Reserve,	Increase in Payments to Policy-Holders,
Increase in Surplus,	Increase in Insurance in Force,	Increase in New Insurance Written.

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